The Nation.

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The Week.

Mr. Gallinger of New Hampshire offered a resolution in the Senate, the other day, directing the Committee on the Judiciary to make an inquiry into the subject of lynching, and to report "whether, under the laws and Constitution of the country, there is any remedy for the evil." Mr. Gallinger is not a statesman of high rank as a Constitutional authority, and he frankly admitted that he very much questioned whether the Federal Government can do anything in the premises; but he rightly urged that an authoritative statement from the Judiciary Committee would be valuable. His resolution brought from Mr. Hoar the interesting and important statement that the Committee had already had the question before it. It appears that Mr. Albert E. Pillsbury, ex-Attorney-General of Massachusetts, drew a bill directly providing for the trial and punishment of such offences in the United States courts, sent it to Washington, and accompanied it with "a very able brief." But the Committee could not bring themselves to accept his view, and, by a unanimous vote of all the members present, Mr. Hoar was instructed to make a report to that effect, and to recommend the indefinite postponement of the measure. Apparently this action settles the question. The only way for the nation to stop lynching is to bring the public sentiment of the country to bear upon every guilty community, and thus to develop everywhere the feeling already manifested occasionally, and in the South as well as in the North, that sustains officials who refuse to surrender criminals to mobs, and who are ready to shoot even their own neighbors when they try to break down all law.

It is curious that Southern politicians and Southern newspapers should so generally treat the President's reference to lynchings, in his Memorial Day address, as a "sectional deliverance," and an attack upon one part of the country which is without precedent and without justification. Mr. Roosevelt's language on this subject was evidently chosen with care, and there is not a word or an implication of special reference to a particular section in this statement of a condition which is of the first importance to our national reputation: "From time to time there occur in our country, to the deep and lasting shame of our people, lynchings carried on under circumstances of inhuman cruelty and barbarity—a cruelty infinitely worse than any that has ever been committed by our troops in the Philippines; worse to the victims, and far more brutalizing to those guilty of it." Nor is there the slightest intimation of a sectional allusion in his further statement of an undoubted truth: "The men who fail to condemn these lynchings, and yet clamor about what has been done in the Philippines, are indeed guilty of neglecting the beam in their own eye while taunting their brother about the mote in his." Nothing could be more proper than the improvement by the President of a fit occasion for driving home the national disgrace that lynchings prevail in so many parts of the United States, and are so frequently accompanied by frightful barbarities, as in the recent burning to death of a negro in Texas, and similar atrocities in one of the chief cities of Kansas last year, and in a Colorado town the year before. President McKinley devoted a passage of his inaugural address in 1897 to this question, and in his annual message two years later repeated what he had then said, including the declaration that "lynchings must not be tolerated in a great and civilized country like the United States." Should we regard England, France, or Germany as a civilized country if every few months we read in the cable dispatches accounts of how mobs burned criminals—or alleged criminals—alive at the stake, inflicting the most frightful tortures upon their victims before the end came?

Let no guilty man wholly escape is the rule laid down by President Roosevelt for the wearers of our uniform in the Philippines. At all events, that is his decision in the case of Lieut. Preston Brown, Second Infantry. This officer, a Kentuckian by birth, was tried by court-martial at Manila for murder. The specification was that he "did wilfully, feloniously, and with malice aforethought, murder and kill by shooting with a pistol an unarmed, unresisting native Filipino, name unknown, a prisoner of war in his charge, and as a result of said shooting the native did then and there die." On this charge he was tried by a court-martial of his brother officers and found guilty, except that the word "manslaughter" was substituted for "murder." The sentence of the court was that Lieut. Brown should be dismissed from the service of the United States, and then be confined at hard labor in the United States penitentiary for the period of five years. On the 27th of January this sentence was commuted by President Roosevelt to a falling back of thirty-five points in the line of promotion, and to a forfeiture of one-half of his pay for nine months, and thereupon he was restored to duty. Such severity to a member of one of the proudest families of Kentucky for the mere killing of a "nigger" was astounding. Lieut. Brown was naturally indignant. He appealed to the President against the harshness of the thirty-five points and the docking of his pay. The President has set his face like a flint against any further reduction of the sentence. He is determined that the guilty shall be punished.

That Secretary Root is learning to adapt himself to the tone of the Roosevelt Administration is shown in his prompt publication of the report of Gov. J. G. Livingstone of the province of Sorsogon. The report itself is painful reading for any American. It tells how an American officer first extorted a confession from a presidente and a policeman, by half strangling them, and then, upon the evidence thus obtained, shot them summarily. Gov. Livingstone reports:

> "Upon careful consideration of the whole question, from my knowledge of the conditions existing at the time, and from my personal knowledge of those most directly concerned, I am forced to the opinion that the original order for the arrest of these men was absolutely unwarranted, possibly due to malinterpretation and overzealousness on the part of the corporal; that the two prisoners killed did not attempt to escape, and that their killing was murder."

Capt. E. Wittemeyer, who files a report for the army, adduces as evidence only his personal conviction, supported by the fact that the presidente had cared for wounded Filipinos after an engagement with the Americans. It was this ordinary act of humanity which an American officer interpreted as giving "aid and comfort" to the enemy, and punished with the death penalty. This reasoning would justify the summary execution of Red Cross nurses while engaged in their work of mercy.

Whether Gov. Livingstone is right in this matter or not, Secretary Root deserves credit for publishing the report fearlessly, and without waiting for the result of a necessarily prolonged examination. This action is in gratifying contrast to his treatment of the Gardener report, and one must welcome it as the end of that practice of suppression and apology which always had an incongruous look under the Presidency of Theodore Roosevelt. It is better for all concerned to know just what this war against the brown men means. If these reports of atrocious cruelties are exaggerated, suppression merely heightens the horror, which only publicity will dispel or reduce to its true proportions. If they are true, the defenders of the present policy in the Philippines should be forced to

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acknowledge the moral cost of conquest, and the army should be permitted to punish those who bring shame upon it. For a worse shame than the outbreak of brutality is the attempt to smooth over the fact, to call it an inevitable concomitant of war, or to deny that the outrage has occurred. President Roosevelt and Gen. Chaffee have, by their words and acts, insisted that the army shall be spared the ultimate disgrace of failing to atone for the crimes which, though committed by a few, must, until condemned, be shared by all. Secretary Root, in publishing freely one of the most unpleasant reports which have reached him, has definitely put himself in line with this sentiment. Better late than never. The comments of those newspapers which were his apologists in the Gardener case will be awaited with interest.

The gist of the Philippine deliverance of the Ohio Republicans on May 28 lies in two sentences: "Our title to the islands is perfect"; "Our flag is in the Philippines, and there it will remain." The growing sense of the country that all this talk about the title and the flag is but a "dark lanthorn of the spirit," was strikingly brought out in the action of the American Unitarian Association at Boston on May 27. This body of clergymen and Christian laymen, representing all parts of the country, were less anxious to boast about title and flag than they were to express their "concern for a just, honorable, and humane settlement of the difficulties with the Philippine Islands." Accordingly, after a free and full debate, they adopted resolutions which breathe a spirit of fairness and moderation, and which, for sheer statesmanlike grasp of the affair in hand, leave the Ohio platform looking like the resolves of a boy's debating club. We reprint this measured and admirable utterance of an American religious assembly:

> "With generous allowance for all the undoubted embarrassments of the situation, without criticisms or reflections upon those who are called to deal with the situation in counsel or in the field, without passion, prejudice, or partisanship, remembering that magnanimity is becoming to the strong when dealing with the weak, and aiming only at the end of that righteousness which exalteth a nation, we respectfully pray the President and the Congress of the United States to take such prompt and efficient measures as may *replace the present measures of coercion with a policy of conciliation and good will*, and we pledge our support to the President in his desire to secure for the people of the Philippine Islands *self-government after the fashion of really free nations.*"

By thus taking a lead among religious gatherings, the American Unitarian Association has furnished what will be a landmark in the history of the Philippine agitation.

There is a chance that Uncle Sam may yet save the $5,000,000 that he has promised to his Danish Majesty in exchange for the uncertain harbor of St. Thomas and two or three uplifts of rock in the West Indies. It seems that his Danish Majesty has not been able to persuade his upper house of Parliament to ratify the treaty; and, the time limit being about to expire, an agreement was made to extend the ratification for one year. Whether the proposal to extend it came from Uncle Sam, who felt the money burning a hole in his pocket, or from his Majesty of Denmark, who felt a vacuum in his own, is immaterial. The whole question is put over till the next election for members of the Landsthing. Meanwhile we might enter into negotiations with France for the island of Martinique or with England for St. Vincent. No doubt they could be had cheap. The fact that they are suffering some temporary inconveniences from volcanoes ought not to count. For naval purposes there is not much to choose between earthquakes and volcanoes. It is notorious that St. Thomas is liable to earthquakes, and that we want St. Thomas as a naval station to protect Porto Rico and to maintain the Monroe Doctrine. With such noble ends in view, why should we draw the line at volcanoes?

Secretary Root has come forward, in his usual straightforward way, to assume the entire responsibility for those extraordinary payments which figure in Gen. Wood's Cuban accounts. They were made, it appears, with the sanction of the War Department. This, however, does not relieve them of a queer look. It was pretty well understood all along that our military government was subsidizing Gen. Gomez and other Cubans for the purpose of convincing the natives of the blessings of our rule; but to have the formal documents spread out before us, showing payments of thousands of dollars "for personal services to the island," with no vouchers required, is something of a shock to American notions. If the Spaniards had done this, we should have called it bribery; in ourselves it merely reveals a native shrewdness, demonstrating our great talent for governing subject races. When the Philippine accounts come to be published, we shall doubtless find many similar entries, in addition to that tribute which we openly pay, by treaty, to a slaveholding and polygamous Sultan. Such revelations place in its true light the pious but infinitely simple-minded opinion which Civil-Service Commissioner Foulke has recently expressed—namely, that "the perfect consummation" of governmental reform "may come from Manila to Washington."

The House of Representatives has passed a bill prohibiting the coining into silver dollars of any more of the silver bullion in the Treasury purchased under the Sherman Act of 1890. The silver purchased under that act, and against which the Treasury notes of 1890 were issued, was mostly held in the form of bullion until 1898. An act was then passed authorizing its coinage into dollars at a certain rate per month, and in 1900 another act required the Secretary to cancel Treasury notes of 1890 as fast as they came into his possession and to issue silver certificates in place of them, and to lay aside a corresponding amount of silver dollars for the redemption of such certificates. Now the bill passed by the House requires that all the silver still uncoined shall be kept for future subsidiary coinage. It does not require the Secretary to produce these subsidiary coins any faster than they are needed. The rate at which they shall be turned out is properly left to his discretion. After all the remaining bullion is coined in this manner, the Secretary may convert silver dollars into subsidiary coins as the public necessities may demand. Of course, this clause refers to the silver dollars owned by the Government, not to those held against certificates in the hands of the public. Under the operation of the act of 1898, the amount of "fiat money" in existence was increased by the amount of the seigniorage on the silver dollars turned out. This production of forty-cent dollars will be stopped if the bill becomes a law. It is no great matter, but the principle of the House bill is right, and we hope that the Senate may concur in it.

It is now proposed by the Committee of Ways and Means to kill all seals in the Pribyloff Islands except 10,000 females and 1,000 males, unless means can be devised to put a stop to pelagic sealing. This looks like killing the seals in order to save their lives. It would actually be killing the greater part of them in order to save the small remainder, and it is not an irrational plan; for if the total number is reduced so that it is unprofitable to fit out ships to capture them in the open sea, they will have opportunity to increase and multiply once more, and possibly regain their old number. The bill proposed by the Committee authorizes the President to open negotiations with Great Britain for a review of the existing regulations in order to preserve the seal industry from extinction, failing which the drastic remedy before mentioned shall be put in force. There is little doubt that Great Britain will accede to the proposal. It is probable that she will see the necessity of some radical change in the rules; but the question how to enforce the rules will be the most difficult one to deal with. As the number of the catch diminishes on both land and sea, the interest of either country in protecting the herd diminishes also.

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Neither one has much motive now to keep a fleet patrolling Bering Sea, and it is a debatable question whether any force that can be spared from the navy of each can prevent pelagic sealing so long as the seals are numerous enough to tempt men to go after them. One thing has been proved, however, by the experience of the past five years. It has been shown that the law which prohibits the importation of sealskins and seal garments into this country has had no effect whatever to preserve the race from destruction. Nobody can suppose that one seal exists to-day that would not have existed if this non-importation act had never been passed, but many women have been grieved and much bad blood has been engendered by customs officers confiscating sealskin muffs and capes and cloaks, even from the hands and backs of arriving passengers; and yet the officers were only doing their duty under the law.

The most interesting feature of the late Oregon election was the submission of a Constitutional amendment applying the principle of the initiative and referendum in legislative matters. This amendment recites that, while the legislative power is vested in a Legislative Assembly, consisting of a Senate and House of Representatives, yet "the people reserve to themselves power to propose laws and amendments to the Constitution and to enact or reject the same at the polls, independent of the Legislative Assembly; and also reserve power at their own option to approve or reject at the polls any act of the Legislative Assembly"; and it is consequently provided that, whenever 8 per cent. of the legal voters petition for specific legislation, the same shall be submitted to popular vote, and shall become law if approved by a majority voting thereon; that any enactment of the Legislative Assembly may be submitted to popular vote by such Assembly, acting voluntarily, and must be when requested by 5 per cent. of the voters; and that the veto power of the Governor shall not extend to enactments voted on with approval by the people. This amendment had to be approved by two Legislatures before submission, and but one vote was cast against it the second time, while both of the great parties were committed to it during the recent campaign, and there seems to have been practically no opposition to it.

The most that can be said of the coal strike situation, at the moment, is that a long interruption to anthracite mining seems to be foreshadowed. Expert observers who have visited the scene of contest agree unanimously that the men who have quit work are disposed to prolong the period of inaction, and are able to face the stopping of their wages—having accumulated savings or else expecting a chance at outside labor. On the other hand, the mine-owners, who are able to put non-union workers at the pumps, cannot, apparently, replace the miners. The laws of Pennsylvania require that the work be superintended by a "certificated" miner, who has had two years' experience in the mines, and it appears to be precisely these miners who have struck. Rioting is, of course, always a possibility; but it is checked by the fact that the laborers have quit work because they could afford a space of idleness, and that no attempt at resumption of output from the mines is made. In brief, the one party to the case whose rights are ignored and trampled on is the outside public. The public foots the bill for this "labor war," whose real causes the Union still declines to state and outsiders are still unable to discover.

Newspaper enterprise has to bow to scientific enthusiasm in the matter of the first ascent of still smoking Mt. Pelée. Prof. Angelo Heilprin was already known as an intrepid explorer, delighting equally in Sahara and in Greenland, and climbing difficult Orizaba, whose height and preëminence among Mexican mountains he first correctly determined; but his calm rivalling of the elder Pliny—and surpassing him in good fortune—by mounting to study, *in situ*, a volcano in eruption, will make his name famous throughout the world. Of that result, however, we may be sure that he never stopped to think. His preoccupation was entirely that of a scientist, bent on discovery of the truth, even at the risk of his life. With intelligence to guard against every needless risk, and yet with constancy and professional zeal to make him face cheerfully all inevitable danger, he gave a fine example of the unconscious courage and heroism of the scientific spirit. No doubt he experienced intense exhilaration, amid those showers of boiling mud and red-hot cinders, as he went on quietly observing the phenomena which his trained eye could so well interpret. He performed a real service to human knowledge, and, as all journalists must admit, scored a tremendous "beat."

The elections of the Provincial Parliament of Ontario, which were held on Thursday, are of more than provincial importance, because, first, Ontario, the largest and most prosperous province of the Dominion, is unstable politically, the French and British elements fairly balancing each other, while, second, the Ontario Conservatives ousted the Liberals in the Dominion election of November, 1900, when the returning 53 out of 92 members was the sole advantage in an otherwise disastrous defeat. This advantage they have failed to hold in the Provincial election, for Premier Ross is returned with a majority of 4 in a house of 101. This reduces seriously his former majority of 10 in a House of 94. One must hope that this indicates rather a reaction of sentiment among the Liberals themselves than any substantial gain for the Conservatives. The Ontario Liberals generally have, contrary to the traditions of their party, gone in for high protective duties and for Provincial subsidies on a large number of manufactured articles. The Conservatives are so thoroughly committed to these policies, that they have had to make their campaign on virulent and apparently exaggerated charges of political corruption, while so able a paper as the *Mail and Empire* has been reduced to offering, day by day, as a political argument, the platitude that an occasional change of administration is conducive to the health of the body politic. The Liberals, on the other hand, have put forward only the argument of general prosperity and of letting well alone. Premier Ross has been fairly unctuous in promising the *poule au pot*, and it is to be hoped that his reduced majority is an indication that the Ontario Liberals are beginning to turn from paternalism to the authentic traditions of their party. There are, in fact, gratifying signs that blatant Imperialism has pretty well run its course in Canada, and one even hears of Liberals who are bold enough to inveigh against subsidies and to hint at tariff reduction.

M. Waldeck-Rousseau's resignation, formally announced last week, finds its explanation partly in the state of his health, partly in the internal difficulties of the present Cabinet. Of his associates it is said that only three—the Ministers of Finance, Foreign Affairs, and Education—can, or will, continue to serve. The withdrawal of the Socialist Minister of Public Works, M. Millerand, would seriously affect the Government's strength in the Left; it would be difficult to find any one so acceptable as Gen. André for the War Ministry, while M. Lannessan, who absurdly attacked certain religious observances traditional in a navy largely manned by Breton and Meridional Catholics, leaves his department in ill repute. These facts show plainly enough the wisdom of M. Waldeck-Rousseau's decision. If he really means to retire, he can hardly find a time when greater honors will attend his retreat. If he merely refuses to face a drastic reorganization of the present Cabinet, he does well to let the Cabinet resign. After one or two others have wrestled with the situation, he could return with all the greater prestige, and form a government unhampered by old obligations. Though purely selfish interests would undoubtedly counsel his permanent retirement, one must hope that return to power is not excluded from his plans.

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PEACE—AND AFTER.

The end of the South African war finds all England, and nearly the whole world, ready to agree with the saying which, two years and a half ago, was gall and wormwood to the Jingo tribe —"There never was a bad peace." In the first general rejoicings over the cessation of hostilities, it would be in vain to review the course and causes of the war, to discuss the question whether a wiser statesmanship might not have prevented it altogether, or to inquire what further chances the Boers would have had if they had taken counsel of desperation. The war is over—that good news will stop recrimination and allay partisan clamor for one day at least. But the morrow will come when the bitter struggle will stand out in its true perspective; when the problems of peace will appear almost as appalling as the difficulties of the war; and when the future of South Africa, together with the readjustment of parties and of the Government in England, will be seen to be the great questions of the hour.

As for the war, it speaks for itself. Begun for ostensibly trivial reasons, it shook the pillared strength of Great Britain. Its terrible losses, its enormous cost, its heaped-up misery, its legacy of inhumanity and of hate—these are so many warnings, written in letters of fire, to stand hereafter before the eyes of any Minister or President who may be tempted to let loose the incalculable passions of war. As a horrible example of what war is, as the most vivid kind of deterrent, the South African contest will long serve a useful purpose. How low it brought the pride of England may be inferred from the open admission of Admiral Lord Charles Beresford the other day, "We must not forget that our colonies have pulled us through this war." It will be long before another Secretary for the Colonies imperils the Empire by needlessly bringing on such another.

The exact terms of peace were announced in the Commons on Monday. They are even more conciliatory than had been anticipated, and include full pledges of aid and recuperation to the Boers. This is in good keeping with the tactful language of the King, who hastens to appeal for appeasement of the old rancors, and to speak of Dutch and English now working harmoniously for the restoration of their "common country." It was time that this generous note was sounded. There seems little reason to doubt that peace might have been had on such terms a year ago. But at that time Mr. Chamberlain disallowed Gen Kitchener's proposals to Gen. Botha, and would hear of nothing but unconditional surrender. The surrender has come, however, on conditions, showing that, as Lord Rosebery said last week, in retort for one of the Colonial Secretary's own flings, "Mr. Chamberlain is a good judge of recantations." The heroic burghers are at least to be permitted to keep their own arms and to speak their own tongue, while they are to be helped back, if they wish to go, to their own farms.

We confidently look for the better traits of England's colonizing policy to appear in the carrying out of the South African settlement. There is still truth in what a British statesman wrote long ago: "Englishmen delight in a fair fight and a fair victory; but nothing is so revolting to them as anything which bears the semblance of ungenerous treatment of a fallen enemy." The task of binding up the wounds of the war will be immense. South Africa is practically a waste. A large part of its only true farmer population is now imprisoned in Bermuda and St. Helena, in Ceylon and in India. Twenty-five thousand, mostly young, are now in captivity. The hope of the Transvaal and of Orange River Colony lies in the restoration of these Dutchmen to their lands. Johannesburg cannot for ever furnish gold, nor Kimberley diamonds. In the cultivation of those great stretches of upland will be found the true and enduring wealth of the country, and the work will have to be done by the Boers, if at all. There will be no considerable English immigration. That the Government perceives this, and is alive to the need of restoring the Boers to the veldt, is shown by the provision of a large sum of money to aid them in restocking their farms, and also in the stipulation that no tax shall be levied upon land in the Transvaal to help pay for the cost of the war.

The settlement is a supreme illustration of the value of magnanimity. It has been late in manifesting itself, but in the end it is unmistakable. The furious and futile proclamations of Mr. Chamberlain in September last, threatening confiscation and exile, were quietly thrown into the waste-basket, and terms of peace arranged on a rational and even generous basis. It is needless now to debate the question whether the war was not unnecessarily prolonged by at least a year, through refusing conditions twelve months ago which are now conceded. What is certain is that if the war was a Conservative war, the peace is a Liberal peace. It is so in the sense that the terms finally made are substantially those which Mr. Bryce and John Morley and the other spokesmen for the old Liberal tradition have been urging upon an unwilling Government for more than a year. However the thing was brought about, whether by pressure from the King or the dawning of a better mind in the Cabinet, the final settlement is as magnanimous as it is judicious.

The example ought not to be lost on the world. To Americans in particular, with a somewhat similar problem of pacification and settlement pressing upon them for solution, the wisdom of the course finally adopted by Great Britain should peculiarly appeal. We, too, have taken our stand on "unconditional surrender," as mistakenly as Chamberlain did after Lord Roberts had reached Pretoria. Our Government has seemed to want to see all the Filipinos crawling to our feet, with halters about their necks. Like the British, we have talked of our intention of being lenient and generous, but have insisted that the men in arms against us should show themselves thoroughly cowed and broken-spirited before we would make them a single pledge, or even enlighten them as to their future. But the English got bravely over that in their attitude towards the Boers. Why should not we be as wise betimes in our dealings with the Filipinos?

We are very hopeful that the example in South Africa will hasten the advent of a more conciliatory policy in the Philippines. International relations are nowadays of great influence in such matters. Nothing can be done in a corner any more. If there has been a competition between Great Britain and the United States, to see which could exhibit most of the bitter and blundering spirit of Imperialism, there may be now a rivalry in peace-making. Certainly we cannot any longer justify our obstinacy in the Philippines by the stubbornness of the English in South Africa. They have acted at last almost in the temper of Gladstone, who was said to be the only English Prime Minister that ever allowed himself to be guided, in foreign relations, by his heart as well as his head. It is high time our heads were persuaded that our best weapon in the Philippines would be a friendly and thoroughgoing effort to find out what the natives want, and then give it to them.

Another pertinent example is furnished us in the experience of Germany in Samoa. A Foreign Office report details the success of the methods adopted in that island by the German Protectorate, since the international agreement of 1899. The main feature of the policy has been a deliberate consulting of native feeling. This was carried so far as to make Mataafa "High Chief" of Samoa. He, it will be remembered, was the able man, vouched for by Stevenson, who led his people in arms against the German Government. But he is the one Samoan who has the confidence of his people, and the German administration was wise enough to utilize him, and to make him, as the report explains, "the channel through which the Governor's wishes and commands are conveyed to the Samoans." The case is very much as if we had taken Aguinaldo and made him Governor of Luzon. This was exactly the course urged upon our Government

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by Sir George Clarke, experienced in Malay administration, but, of course, we were then far too proud to learn of others. We are humbler now.

THE PRESIDENT SAYS "INDEPENDENCE."

President Roosevelt's Memorial Day address at Arlington was certain to catch the attention of the country. As was fitting, it passed quickly from the recalling of past sacrifices and glories to present problems and duties; and chief place among these it assigned to our national task in the Philippines. But the significant, the strategic thing, is that, in discussing the future of these islands, the President for the first time used the word "independence," and distinctly contemplated the possibility of an ultimately independent Philippine nation. President McKinley never spoke the fatal word—though he never said he would not speak it. It was employed by Senator Spooner two years ago; and on Thursday, in the Senate, he renewed his opposition to "permanent dominion" in the Philippines. Secretary Long referred some weeks since to Philippine independence as an "academic" possibility; but now comes the President of the United States to declare that independence may be the necessary culmination of our efforts to give the Filipinos freedom from Spain and a stable government of their own.

This is a deliverance of capital importance. Sometimes words are half-battles. The studious avoidance of the word "independence" by President McKinley, and by President Roosevelt until now, has made it possible for Republican politicians and newspapers of the baser sort to attaint for treason all champions of an independent Philippine nation. But that will be possible no longer. The President himself has said it. All the old circumlocutions and ambiguities about the "best possible government," and "as good a government as the Filipinos are capable of," are now to be interpreted in the light of ultimate independence. The case recalls the great difficulty with which Mr. McKinley was dragged up to the utterance of the word "gold" in the campaign of 1896. He used every possible amphiboly to avoid it; spoke of the "best possible currency," of money as "unquestioned as the flag," and all that. But it would not do. Finally he took his courage in both hands and said "gold." Then the country marched on to the establishment of the gold standard. Similarly, Mr. Roosevelt has now said "independence," and our goal in the Philippines shines before us in that word.

In this speech of the President's we have the deliberate and official gloss upon his extemporaneous declaration, the other day, that our flag in the Philippines would "stay put." Undoubtedly he means that the flag shall "stay put" until the work which it was sent there to do shall be accomplished; but that work he now describes as "the slow introduction of the orderly liberty, the law-abiding freedom of the individual, which is the only sure foundation upon which *national independence* can be built." And he distinctly says that the day will come when the question will have to be settled whether the Philippine nation is to exist "independently" of us. Then it has not already been settled. We have, therefore, in this carefully prepared speech of the President, which goes to the people with the dignity and solemnity of a Presidential message, an official admission by our highest authority that work for Philippine independence, by Americans and by islanders alike, is not the hopeless and treasonable thing it has been violently denounced as being, but is something that is vitally connected with the end and aim of our being in the archipelago at all, and that may lead to as glorious a furling of our flag in Manila as the one we have just seen in Havana.

For us this is the great hope and inspiration of the President's address. He may be building better than he knows; yet he can scarcely have been in doubt about the immense significance which will necessarily attach to his bold reference to Philippine independence. It is refreshing to find him not only thus courageous, but also so keenly alive to the great blessing which freedom and self-government are *per se*. This is the true American view-point. It is one which foreigners find it difficult to understand. The English lecturer on colonization at the University of Chicago, for example, takes Mr. Charles Francis Adams to task for asserting that "schools, roads, irrigation" are not as good for a people as free self-government. Mr. Ireland cannot grasp that. To him it seems almost like anarchistic doctrine. So it did to Napoleon III. Under his tyranny France was prosperous, so why on earth did Frenchmen want to think and speak with freedom? "Oh dear, yes," said a patriotic Frenchman to an English visitor in 1860, who asked if the people could not do as they pleased—"Oh dear, yes, if we wish only to eat, drink, and make money, we can do exactly as we please." But there are richer gifts in liberty's hand than clothing and food. President Roosevelt's oration shows that he is fully aware of that; and he speaks up for the life of the freeman which is more than meat and better than raiment.

If it is right for the President to say to Americans that the Filipinos may be independent, it is right for him to say it to Filipinos. If it is proper for the President to say it, it is proper for Congress to say it. Thus we come very close to Senator Hoar's position that the one healing and pacifying measure for the Philippines would be an official and solemn assurance by this Government to the inhabitants that they shall be independent as soon as, in President Roosevelt's words, "they have shown their capacity for real freedom by their power of self-government." Such a promise, duly authenticated, and immediately made the norm of all our conduct in the Philippines, would release our troops by the thousand, and would advance civilization in the islands faster than it can ever be got forward on a powder-cart. Then why not give it? Senator Spooner declares that we can make no promise to a man who holds a pistol at our breast. Yes, but if he holds it there because you have left him in ignorance of what you want; if your rifle levelled at his head is the only promise which you are actually giving him; and if a simple statement of your real and final intention would make him drop his pistol and enable you to ground your rifle, why is it not good military tactics and plain common sense at once to make it? What we are sure of is that we are brought immeasurably nearer to making it by the words spoken by President Roosevelt over the Union dead in Arlington.

THE CRAWFORD-HUMBERT MILLIONS.

In the early eighties, Thérèse Daurignac, a young peasant girl living near Toulouse, told her neighbors that, under the last will and testament of Robert Henry Crawford, a wealthy American, she had become sole heir to a fortune of 100,000,000 francs. This legacy, she explained, was an act of gratitude. When Crawford was stricken with illness on a railway train, her prompt ministration had saved his life, and she had later nursed him back to health. No caprice of an American *milliardaire* seems improbable in France, and Thérèse, who had the properly attested will to show, was promptly wooed and won by M. Humbert, whose father had been Minister of Justice.

A common adventuress would have rested at the capture of a wealthy and distinguished husband, but Mme. Humbert had only begun. Her legendary fortune was to be accepted far and wide as the equivalent of negotiable securities. To do this it was necessary, first, to obtain legal certification of the existence of the Crawford millions; second, to avert a demand to show the actual securities. At this juncture, two nephews of Robert Henry Crawford appeared, and opposed to the will which named Thérèse Daurignac as sole legatee, one of the same date and authority which, leaving a small annuity to Thérèse, divided the fortune equally between themselves, Robert and Henry Crawford, and Thérèse's younger sister Marie. It was

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their uncle's dying wish that one of them should marry a Daurignac—either was willing to wed Marie—and thus unite the families of Crawford and Daurignac. Pending this amicable settlement of the dispute, Mme. Humbert and the Crawfords agreed that the 100,000,000 francs in securities should be sealed and deposited in Mme. Humbert's safe, not to be opened by her under penalty of forfeiting all claim upon the estate. Accordingly, a French notary certified—the law permitting this to be done without inventory—to the depositing under these conditions of 100,000,000 francs in approved securities; so that the Crawford millions gained legal standing, and became available as collateral.

Mme. Humbert, temporarily precluded from her inheritance, was soon obliged to raise loans upon this deposit. Her notes, "payable after the conclusion of my actions-at-law," were freely accepted by the banks. A Lille banker advanced 7,000,000 francs. She was on the books of a dozen other banks for sums ranging between one million and six millions of francs. Of her social successes at Paris, her great country places, her wonderful art collections, her ventures in commerce and finance, it would be superfluous to speak. Very few of her notes were ever paid, but the security was unquestionable, for every note was endorsed by her sister Marie, the alternative heir and the prospective bride of one of the wealthy Crawfords. It was in fact the activity of the Crawfords that was the most convincing proof that this great fortune existed. The Crawfords were a litigious lot. For upwards of fifteen years they fought Mme. Humbert in the courts, accepting compromises only to boggle at the terms of their execution, and, generally, exhausting the law's delay. But the Crawfords were generous, too, in a way; they were ever ardent suitors for Marie Daurignac's hand. Whenever Mme. Humbert's creditors pressed for payment, the happy marriage and the opening of the safe became imminent. The Crawfords would also on occasion take up Mme. Humbert's I.O.U.'s at par from uneasy creditors; thus manifesting their own unobtrusive kindliness and reëstablishing her credit.

So long as the Crawfords continued their losing fight, no one could doubt that the 100,000,000 francs actually lay under seal in Mme. Humbert's safe. But soon it was Mme. Humbert herself who, although she won suit after suit, and might at any time have taken out her millions, sought all manner of frivolous delays. The famous advocate, M. Waldeck-Rousseau, now Premier of France, pointed out this strange disinclination to enter into possession. He showed, too, that though everybody had heard of the Crawfords—as dining at Mme. Humbert's, as about to marry her sister, as about to testify in person—no living soul in Europe or America, except Mme. Humbert and her intimates, had ever seen them. This doubt as to the existence of the Crawfords and the inferential skepticism as to their uncle's millions Mme. Humbert met by finding a provincial magistrate who swore that he had seen and counted the securities. Something which he took for securities in quantity, he undoubtedly saw.

How for five years more she managed to delay the dénouement is matter of notoriety. She played upon the political and religious prejudices of a famous lawyer of clerical affiliations, and offered to a doubting world the undoubted probity of Maître Du Buit. It was his complete confidence in his client—a chance which she had to take—that led to the disclosure the other day. To terminate the unwarranted scandals which had gathered about Mme. Humbert, he, her lawyer, would open the safe in the presence of her chief creditors. Mme. Humbert's chimney took fire immediately, and she herself left her handsome residence a day or two before the opening of the safe. On the empty jewel case, the copper coin, the brass button, and the 5,000 francs in securities, it is unnecessary to dwell. These were all that appeared where the Crawford millions should have been; this was the total security for loans of 55,000,000 francs—half the amount of the fortune. The genius who had created the Crawfords was already upon the sea, with an unknown destination.

The clearing up of this extraordinary mystification awaits the arrest of the Humberts. There is no occasion for citing the hackneyed proverb, as *la femme* is evidently Mme. Humbert. Who were her confederates? M. Humbert, one may assume. But at what point was he enlisted? He apparently married his peasant bride in full confidence that she was the real heiress of an actual fortune. By what process of persuasion did his wife convince him that she could repay him handsomely for her deception out of the non-existent millions? Was it her father-in-law, the ex-Minister of Justice, who planned the endless lawsuits? Then, who played the part of the invisible Crawfords, who for a score of years were litigants at the French courts and enjoyed credit at the French banks? These are some of the things that one would wish to know. One must believe that the methods of this great fraud were very simple, and it may well be that most of Mme. Humbert's agents were never in her secret at all. It seems certain, for example, that most of the lawyers who conducted the Crawfords' various suits acted in good faith. How, said one of them pathetically, could one doubt the existence of clients from whom fees came constantly and generously? When Mme. Humbert is put upon the stand, we shall know more about these things, and this lends zest to the hope that this gifted woman may be spared the rigors of long and obscure exile from her beloved Paris. Since the Diamond Necklace there has been no more amazing swindle.

THE HOUSE OF THE DOUBLE AXE.

OXFORD, May 20, 1902.

Although the end of the present season will not entirely complete the explorations at Old Knossos, which will then have been carried on for three successive years, Mr. Arthur Evans writes in to-day's *Times*, under date from Candia of April 20, that there is "every hope that the main work may now be completed by the end of the present season." My immediate task is to summarize the discoveries of this year, which even now, with the results of a good month's work still to be heard from, yield in interest neither to last year's nor to the first year's discoveries. These last, as your readers are aware, consisted in a mass of inscribed tablets, processional frescoes, and miniature frescoes found (along with hoards of inscribed tablets, a large store of pottery, and details of exquisite ornamental stone-work) in a series of rooms which now prove to have formed the western wing of the great quadrangular palace. This wing was mainly "devoted to state and religious functions, business, and storage." Part of it contained the throne-room and other indications that here was the official habitat of the King, alongside of which were also what appear to be the women's apartments. That these were the residential quarters used by the ladies of the palace became still more clear in the course of last year's campaign, which accomplished the more thorough exploration of this western side of the quadrangle, cleared up the sort of back-door approach to the palace which constituted the northern side of the great parallelogram, and made many curious and startling finds on its southern side (the front). The most wonderful treasures here unearthed during the second year's excavations were remains of sculptures wrought in high relief, and exquisitely painted in one case, which were of such an unlooked-for quality that they might have come from some undreamt-of master of the Italian Renaissance—so instinct with life are they, and yet so strikingly without the characteristic serenity of Hellenic art. Last year also the discovery of the eastern side of the great quadrangle was begun. Here was found a vast hall, with double tiers of colonnades, approached from the higher level of the great central court, and of the three other sides of the parallelogram by a solidly built stone staircase leading down to it, with a triple flight of steps. Beyond this extended, on its lower level, a larger columnal hall, or Megaron. This "Hall of the Double Axes"—so called from the constant recurrence there of the symbol repeated everywhere on all sides of the great parallelogram—had at its eastern end a double portico, facing both south and east. The careful methods of excavation employed in exploring this hall and the adjacent "Hall of the Colonnades" showed that this part of the eastern side of the great parallelogram was a building of three stories. The topmost story was on a level with the rest of the palace, below which came an

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intermediate story built over the two great halls above indicated, the level of whose floors was about twenty-five feet lower than that of the uppermost story and of the rest of the whole quadrangular building, which now proves to have covered fully five acres —not quite half the extent of the rambling palace at Fontainebleau, and nearly three-quarters of the area occupied by the Houses of Parliament, including Westminster Hall.

With this summary indication of the two first years' results, let me hurry on to the last thing unearthed by Mr. Arthur Evans just before he finished his report of April 30. This find was made in the course of explorations carried on not far to the north of the eastern end of the "Hall of the Double Axes," which occupies the eastern centre of the eastern side of our parallelogram. Here, on a higher level than the Hall, running north and south at the eastern extremity of the palace, is the upper "eastern terrace." In its basements and below the level of the later palace were found remains of a construction also on a royal scale, which was still earlier than our Minoan parallelogram. Here were found beautiful specimens of "Kamares" ware, with decorative paintings of notable artistic merit. Here also was found "a miniature vase of gold and porcelain, the thimble-like receptacle of which may have contained some perfume as precious as attar of roses." Lest we should deem that in this abysmally archaic period before the day of Minos the religion was not yet developed of which so many curious evidences have been accumulated in exploring the Minoan parallelogram, remains came to light showing a miniature pillar-shrine of painted terracotta with doves perched on its roof.

So much for the building which occupied this site before Minos and his "House of the Double Axe." In another basement, at a slightly higher level, and not far away, was found a curious record, wrought in a mosaic of small porcelain plaques, the deft handiwork and decorative beauty of which remind one of the wonderful draught-board discovered last year in one of the corridors east of the central court, and promptly copied by Mr. Beerbohm Tree, who utilized it for one of the presents proffered to Penelope by her suitors. In its original form the mosaic seems to have represented, says Mr. Evans,

"scenes disposed in various zones, recalling the subjects of Achilles's shield,—the walls and houses of a city, a vine and other trees, warriors with bows, spears, and throwing-sticks, besiegers and defenders, and various animals. But the most surprising part of all is the houses of which the city is composed. Fragmentary as are their remains, it has been possible to reconstitute about a couple of scores of these. The varying character of the structure—stone, timber, and plastered rubble—is accurately reproduced, and the walls, towers, gateways (a whole street of a Minoan city) rises before us much as it originally stood. But, what is even more surprising than the fact that the elevations of these prehistoric structures should thus be recovered for us intact from the gulphs of time, is the altogether modern character of some of their features. Here are three stories (some of the semi-detached kind showing contiguous doorways), with windows of four panes, or double windows of three panes each, which seem to show that the inmates of the houses had actually some substitute for glass."

What else may by this time have been discovered in these palace basements we cannot know for a time, but this series of antediluvian genre pictures is in some ways the greatest of all the many surprises yielded by the Cretan Labyrinth.

After this we are tempted to make light of things which might otherwise have electrified us. The discovery, for instance, of a "fine painted frieze of spirals and rosettes," which was still partially clinging to the walls of a small bath-chamber, and of the remains of a painted terracotta bath, seems hardly worth recording; but our flagging attention revives a little at the mention of the wall-paintings under this frieze, which apparently served to decorate this bath-room and the portico beyond. "Quite an aquarium of fish, naturalistically rendered, including parts of two large dolphins and many smaller fry, several of them complete," adorned these walls. Mr. Evans makes the further observation that this fresco "supplies the counterpart to one of flying fish discovered by the British School in their excavation of the prehistoric settlement at Philokope on the island of Melos. In the Knossian fresco the blues are used mainly in depicting the fish, and therefore the sea is indicated by "azure wreaths and coils of dotted spray on a white ground." Again, we cannot, after all, be totally indifferent to an elegant lady in a yellow jacket and light tunic who is found on another fragmentary fresco just unearthed. "Her flying tresses and outstretched arm," says Mr. Evans, "suggest violent motion." Another fragment shows an almost nude female figure "in the act of springing from above and seizing the horns of a galloping bull." Precisely similar scenes were found by Mr. Evans last year. There was a "Mycenæan cow-boy" turning a somersault over the back of a charging bull, to whose horns in front clung "a girl in boy's costume," while another girl, performing behind with outstretched hands, seemed "to wait to catch her as she was tossed over the monster's back." That these acrobatic evolutions, like their lineal descendants, the bull-fights of modern Spain, were not unaccompanied with danger, is shown by another of last year's fragments, representing the fallen body of a man underneath a bull. The crude toreador fresco found by Dr. Schliemann at Tiryns takes its place along with these far more spirited depictions of the bull-fight, although it is a lamentable instance of decadence in an art which was not far from its zenith when the palace at Old Knossos was built and decorated.

Let us return now to the top of the staircase with triple flight leading down and eastward from the middle of the eastern side of the great central court or quadrangle into the "Hall of the Colonnades." On a lower level extends a corridor opened out last season. Below this, also extending eastward from a point contiguous to and north of the first downward flight of our stairway, another corresponding corridor has now been opened out. It was originally lighted from a window opening southward into the "light-well" of the "Hall of the Double Axes." Here Mr. Evans has made the largest find of inscribed tablets yet recorded—100 "perfect documents, dealing with palace accounts." His scrupulous study of the vast number of tablets found in previous years has stood him in good stead here; for he recognized the numerals at a glance, and has made out here again the prevalence of a consistent decimal system, and the fact that these tablets deal largely with percentages. Having found last year in the basements of the south side of the palace a counterfeit matrix of the royal signet ring, he has this year discovered, along with these tablets, several large clay impressions taken from the ring itself, "exhibiting a goddess and her attendants."

This newly discovered corridor or hall lying to the north of the "Hall of the Double Axes" not only is the means of approach to the preserved bath-room, but also (and here, as Mr. Evans intimates, Homeric students may well attend) there is a private staircase leading up by a double flight from the corridor on its northerly side, the side furthest removed from the "Hall of the Double Axes," from which it derived its light. This stairway gave access to upper rooms which are on the general level of the great central court and of the originally discovered buildings on its west side; but they are isolated, because a large room, to which apparently they have no means of access, intervenes between them and the great central court. Even more secluded were the rooms entered from a passage lying on the west side of this new corridor or hall. Here was a suite of rooms built on the level of the Halls of the Colonnades and of the Double Axes. This year, remains of an upper story have come to light.

Just in these secluded apartments much exploration is still going on, and has yet to be heard from. Already Mr. Evans has discovered there the remains of a wooden staircase, the upper part of which was literally "choked with broken seal impressions from what must certainly have been a secretary's office on the first floor." One of these impressions is unquestionably made "from a Babylonian cylinder," and bears startling witness, therefore, of the most direct kind to correspondence in Minoan days between Knossos and what we now are learning to call "the near East." As if to invite us to make certain that these secluded apartments of the palace were scrupulously made comfortable and salubrious for royal occupancy, the only unmistakable traces of a highly complex system of drains which the site has thus far yielded are found here. The point is so important that Mr. Evans's actual words must be given:

"The well-paved floors," he says, "are underlaid by quite a network of stone channels, in places crossing each other at different levels, and roomy enough to allow a man to crawl along them. A succession of stone shafts leads down to these from an upper story, in one case apparently connected with a latrine of which a curious and in some respects very modern example also occurs on the ground floor."

"In another part of the palace," reports Mr. Evans, without specifying where, "sections of a terracotta drain-pipe have been found of a most advanced form, with stop-ridges."

Finally, for even the discoveries made in the first two months of the third year's explorations must have their end, another group of smaller chambers was discovered, south of the block of halls, corridors, stairways, and apartments just described. Here were smaller rooms, occupied apparently by minor officials and servants. Excavations here, as in so many places explored during the first year's work on the western side

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of the great parallelogram, have yielded hoards of inscribed tablets. One of these contains lists upon which Mr. Evans's practised eye discovered frequent repetitions of the "man sign," well known on tablets discovered in several parts of the palace. The other hoard shows frequent "outline figures of swords," and presumably refers to the armory. Furthermore, the pottery of this whole region of the palace has yielded new and unexpected illustrations of the prehistoric writing of Crete. There are graffiti, and on one Mycenæan sherd is a painted inscription suggestive of those on later Greek vases. Yet again, the inside of a cup found this year is covered over with a linear inscription of three lines written in ink, like those on the sherds found by Professor Flinders Petrie in Egypt. Vases decorated with lilies "in the earliest palace style" were found near the hoarded tablets. And last, but not least, there came to light a painted shrine. The capital importance of this in its bearing on the local cult requires the quotation of Mr. Evans's actual description of it, as follows:

"On a small dais, beside a tripod of offerings, and with a miniature votive double-axe of steatite before her, rose a painted terracotta figure of a goddess, pillar-shaped below, according to the old religious tradition, and with a dove on her head, while in front of her stood a male votary, holding out another dove. That a goddess was associated in the palace-cult of the double-axe further appears from a gem on which a female divinity is seen bearing this symbolic weapon in her hand."

That this hasty glance at two-thirds of this year's discoveries should occupy so much space, augurs well for the revelations to be looked for during the present month. In closing, let me venture to add that another year's work will probably be necessary at Knossos in order to make certain on the spot as to various details, and also to make provision against dangers of weather and the like in the case of those numerous and interesting features of the site which cannot find shelter in the old Venetian Arsenal, which has now become a museum. Of its collections, Professor Goodwin, who visited it at the end of April, writes me that it is "intensely interesting," and he adds:

"Before long this will be one of the great museums of the world, especially for prehistoric things. It is now stocked with the results of all the recent explorations in Crete. Of course, Evans's have the chief place; but the finds of Miss Boyd (our countrywoman) and of Halbherr, Bosanquet, and others are very conspicuous. Almost all the more perishable things, like the bright-colored frescoes from the walls of the palace, the vases, and the ornaments, have been brought in from Knossos to the museum, and they make a great show."

In view of the necessity for further expenditure next year and this—quite beyond the amounts raised by the Cretan exploration fund—it is to be hoped that those whom Mr. Evans's discoveries enlighten and delight may add to that fund in some substantial measure. LOUIS DYER.

JEROME BONAPARTE.

PARIS, May 23, 1902.

Among the numerous books which form the Napoleonic literature of the day, it is only just to cite a volume of M. André Martinet on 'Jerome Napoleon, King of Westphalia.' I will say at once that it cannot be compared to the works of M. Frédéric Masson or of M. Vandal. It is too much in the style of a panegyric, and is not sufficiently critical; but it contains many documents, taken from the national archives, the archives of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and the War Ministry, and from the correspondence of Queen Caroline, the wife of King Jerome. Queen Caroline is well known to have been the most devoted of wives; she wrote to the King of Würtemberg, her father: "Forced by politics to marry the King, my husband, fate would have it that I found myself the happiest woman that could exist. I feel for my husband a union of love, tenderness, and esteem." History has not been quite as indulgent as this excellent person, and King Jerome has been rather severely judged before its tribunal. M. Martinet is not sufficiently impartial to reform its judgment. Jerome Bonaparte will still be considered the spoiled child of the Bonaparte family. He had all the graces and also all the defects of a spoiled child. Could much prudence and wisdom be expected from a young man who was called, before he was twenty-five years old, to the kingdom of a country of which the geography was hardly known to him?

On the 8th of July, 1807, Prince Jerome received from the Emperor Napoleon the following letter, written from Tilsit:

"MY BROTHER: I have just concluded peace with Russia and Prussia. You have been recognized as King of Westphalia. This kingdom comprises all the states enumerated in a note. I will let you know seasonably when I go to Dresden, so that you may be there at the same time. We will concert with regard to the organization of your kingdom. . . . ."

Jerome Bonaparte was born at Ajaccio on the 15th of November, 1784. He remained with his mother in Corsica and at Marseilles, and arrived with her in Paris in November, 1797. He pursued his studies at the College of Juilly, and spent his holidays with his mother Letitia and his uncle Joseph. He was only fifteen years old when Bonaparte returned from Egypt, executed the *coup d'état* of the 18th Brumaire, and was made Consul. The boy left college to live in the Pavillon de Flore at the Tuileries, where he lodged near his illustrious brother, who had great affection and indulgence for him. Jerome amused him, distracted him from the cares of state, and was his favorite. At the age of sixteen, Bonaparte entered him as a mere private in the regiment of the Chasseurs of the Consular Guard, and his formal order was that Jerome should be treated like every other soldier. Jerome was, however, very averse to discipline, and, in order to break him, Bonaparte sent him to Brest, with the following letter for Admiral Ganteaume, who was preparing to go with a squadron to Egypt: "I send you, Citizen General, Citizen Jerome Bonaparte, to undergo his apprenticeship in the navy. You know that he needs to be made strictly to toe the mark and to make up for time lost. You will see that he fulfils exactly all the duties of the profession which he has adopted." To his young brother himself Napoleon writes a little later: "Mount the masts; study the various parts of the ship; let me learn that you are as agile as a good ship's-boy. Don't let anybody do your part. . . . Remember that the navy is to be your career."

On the 2d of November, 1802, Jerome was appointed lieutenant in the navy, and received command of the ship the *Épervier* under the orders of Villaret de Joyeuse. He wanted to distinguish himself by some bold feat of war, but the peace of Amiens was signed soon afterwards. From Saint-Pierre, in Martinique, we see him going to the United States, on an American ship. In that country he was obliged to remain for some time. It is well known that he was married on the 24th of December, 1803, to Miss Elisabeth Patterson. Jerome felt convinced that his family would soon feel the seductions of his young and charming wife. The news of his marriage reached Paris at the very time when Bonaparte assumed the imperial dignity; he was much incensed by the conduct of his young brother, and struck his name off the list of the new "princes" of the blood. We read in a letter of Talleyrand's: "M. Jérome Bonaparte, in contracting a marriage contrary to the laws of France, of which he is a citizen, could not hope that his marriage would be considered valid in France. His Majesty does not consider it as such, and does not recognize it." Such were the instructions given by Talleyrand, by order of Napoleon, to the diplomatic agents of France.

In the year 1805 Jerome tried to obtain pardon in person, and embarked at Baltimore for Lisbon. The Consul-General of France in Portugal consented to give him a passport, but refused to add to it the name of his wife. She was obliged to leave for England, while Jerome set off alone for Italy, in order to meet his brother. Napoleon had been crowned King of Italy at Milan, on the 26th of May. He left afterwards for Alessandria, to be present at a great celebration of the anniversary of the battle of Marengo. The moment was favorable to a reconciliation of the two brothers. The Emperor pardoned Jerome, but on conditions which Jerome accepted with a levity that differed much from the determination which Lucien had shown in somewhat similar circumstances. He bowed before the iron will of the Emperor and joined the French fleet at Genoa, with the mission of going to Algiers to claim from the Dey the immediate deliverance of some French and Italian slaves. He accomplished his mission successfully, and brought back from Algiers about two hundred and fifty Europeans. At the close of 1805 he went to Brest and was appointed second in command in the squadron of Admiral Willaumez. He captured some English vessels, and, being pursued by four English ships of war, succeeded in entering the dangerous bay of Concarneau.

On his return to Paris, he was appointed Rear-Admiral, and received the grand cordon of the Legion of Honor. A senatus-consultum of September 24, 1806, decreed that, failing any male issue of his Majesty the Emperor Napoleon, Joseph, King of Naples, and Louis Bonaparte, King of Holland, should be heirs to the crown, and that "the imperial dignity should devolve on Prince Jerome Bonaparte and his descendants, by order of primogeniture." It entered into the plans of Napoleon to create close ties between France and the German confederacy, and to marry princes of his family with German princesses. Eugene Beauharnais married the daughter of the

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King of Bavaria; Josephine's niece, Stéphanie, became the wife of the hereditary Prince of Baden. Napoleon resolved to marry Jerome to the Princess Catherine of Würtemberg; but he was still very young, and, before becoming the husband of the Princess, he was put at the head of the divisions of Bavaria and Würtemberg, from November, 1806, to July, 1807. He conducted the operations of some sieges during the campaign in Prussia before the armistice at Tilsit. The marriage took place soon after the conclusion of the peace on the 28th of August, in the chapel of the Tuileries.

M. Martinet gives us the text of the letters addressed to her family by the young Princess, accustomed to the quiet existence of the Court of Stuttgart, and now surrounded by the magnificence of the Imperial Court of France. She was impatient to leave Paris for Westphalia, as Jerome had been made King of Westphalia. A Constitution had been rapidly drawn up for the new kingdom, divided, after the fashion of France, into eight departments. On the 22d of November, 1807, the King and Queen left Paris. Their capital was Cassel. The royal residence was barely furnished. "I have," she wrote to her parents, "to send to Frankfort or Paris for everything. I cannot even find here a bit of ribbon, and when I ask why, they tell me that the late Elector could not bear any sort of luxury." The Treasury was empty, and there was a deficit of nine millions; pensions and salaries could not be paid; the cities had all been ruined by the incessant passage of troops.

M. Martinet's volume has many interesting details on the short-lived kingdom of Westphalia, on the efforts made by King Jerome to improve Cassel, and to make it a capital, on his lavish expenditure, on the administration of the kingdom, on Jerome's financial difficulties, which became so great that at times he threatened to resign. Napoleon had attached to him Reinhard, who had been for a short time Minister of Foreign Affairs under the Directory, and who belonged to the diplomatic service of France, though he was a Würtemberger. Reinhard carefully informed Napoleon of all Jerome's doings.

The account of the various conspiracies and revolts which took place in Westphalia is perhaps the newest part of M. Martinet's volume. Everything was still uncertain in Germany. Napoleon made exchanges of territory in the Confederacy; he annexed Hanover to Westphalia, and thus for a time increased the kingdom of Jerome. Some time afterwards, the Emperor took Hanover back. He thoroughly justified the lines of a famous song of Béranger:

"Un conquérant dans sa fortune altière,
Se fait un jeu des peuples et des rois."

The latter part of the volume shows us Jerome's star in its decline; the kingdom of Westphalia disappeared in the great catastrophe which filled the last years of the Empire. The tide of the invasion of France swept it away. Jerome had to take his place near his brother, and did his part bravely at Waterloo; he concealed himself for some time afterwards, and Fouché, who remained secretly attached to him, favored his flight from France. He found an asylum at Göppingen, with his wife Catherine, who remained faithful to him to the end.

Correspondence.

THE ODE TO DUTY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch's 'Oxford Book of English Verse,' on pages 606-7, occurs the following stanza, inserted in the third from the last place in Wordsworth's "Ode to Duty":

"Yet not the less would I throughout
Still act according to the voice
Of my own wish; and feel past doubt
That my submissiveness was choice:
Not seeking in the school of pride
For 'precepts over dignified,'
Denial and restraint I prize
No farther than they breed a second Will more wise."

I have never seen these lines before, and cannot find any allusion to them in the notes of Dowden or Knight. They seem to me, moreover, entirely unworthy of a place in so noble a poem, containing as they do nothing but a feeble and prosaic attempt at a logical justification of its central thought. Assuming that Wordsworth wrote such verses, it is natural to conjecture that he afterwards expunged them, with more discretion than he sometimes displayed in the revision of his works.

Perhaps some Wordsworthian, perhaps Mr. Quiller-Couch himself, will inform us as to this stanza's history.

Sincerely yours, H. J. Edmiston.

Bryn Mawr, Pa., May 21, 1902.

Notes.

'Cromwell's Army,' by C. H. Firth, is to be published in America by James Pott & Co.

W. R. Vansant & Co., Chicago, announce for immediate publication 'Martinique and the World's Great Disasters,' by Trumbull White.

In course of issuance by the Abbey Press are 'Surgery: Its Principles and Applications,' by Hamilton Fish, M.D., and 'Ruskin's Mornings in Florence,' by Margaret Baker, with seventy-four illustrations.

Mr. Sidney S. Rider has in preparation a book in illustration of a map of Rhode Island with the territory named as known to Canonicus and Miantinomi—phonetically, not orthographically. Mr. Rider exhibits forty-two different spellings from the Early Records of the designation of the first purchase (now Providence), and a forty-third form written thus in the original deed by Roger Williams—"Notaquonckanet."

Lemcke & Buechner, 812 Broadway, solicit subscriptions for a facsimile reproduction of the illuminated copy of the *Sachsenspiegel* preserved in the Royal Library at Dresden, and dating back (for its contents) to 1250, when Eike von Repgow brought together the chief elements of the ancient German law in force during the reign of the Suabian dynasty. For its illustrations the Dresden is the best of four, and graphically exhibits the history of mediæval law and art, costumes and arms, economics, and Saxon civilization generally. The facsimile will consist of 184 phototypic plates, in two portfolios. Publication, already begun by Karl W. Hiersemann in Leipzig, will be concluded in October next.

The Dent-Macmillan 'Dramatic and Early Poems by Matthew Arnold,' succeeding in the Temple Classics the 'Poems Narrative, Elegiac and Lyric,' is much the same disservice as if Arnold's own 'Selections from Wordsworth' had been followed up with the rejected matter. Here, for instance, is the *succès d'estime*, "Merope," the impossible "Empedocles," the Rugby and the Oxford prize poems, with other pieces suppressed by the author's better judgment; here are the Sonnets, which furnish many a line of familiar quotation, yet no one of which structurally would demand a place beside the best in the language. And still, to know Arnold as a poet we must have these examples no less than those in the companion volume. Then, his apology for the "Merope" is worth reading and re-reading. Mr. Buxton-Forman amply supplies the bibliographical apparatus. The proof-reading, which was notably careless in 'Poems Narrative,' seems here better; but lines 144-146 of "Merope" suffer a sad change from mispointing.

When Judge Charles C. Nott put forth 'The Seven Great Hymns of the Church,' many years ago, he withheld his name, not desiring "to assume a scholarship which [he] did not possess." A revised and enlarged edition (E. S. Gorham) has the "Dies Iræ" as its backlog, and offers no less than seven versions of it. This is well enough if the poem be taken historically, and not recommended as suitable for public or private devotion in our time. The "Stabat Mater" and the "Vexilla Regis" also, in less degree, belong to the past. The others retain more life, *i. e.*, are better suited to modern use. The books which the editor relies on, though among the best of their kind, are all old—Neale's 'Mediæval Hymns' and 'Rhythm of Bernard,' Mrs. Charles's 'Voice of Christian Life in Song,' Mr. Benedict's 'Hymn of Hildebert,' and Dr. Schaff's 'Christ in Song.' He ought, at least, to have dipped into a few still older volumes, especially 'Lyra Catholica.' Edward Caswall, though no great poet, did some creditable and useful work. Not all the versions here given are of marked merit. Miss Winkworth's is not the best rendering of "Veni Sancte Spiritus." The compiler's comments are less illumining than those quoted from Dr. Neale; but he is not far wrong in putting "The Celestial Country" in the front of his little book, and calling it "the sweetest and dearest religious poem that our language contains." In this, Neale surpassed his own other translations from the Latin as much as he excels other men's lumbering and heavy renderings of the "Dies Iræ."

Mr. E. Marston, who is beguiling his old age with a modest form of professional biography, supplements his book of a year ago by 'Sketches of Some Booksellers of the Time of Dr. Samuel Johnson' (London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.; New York: Scribners). The notices, which appeal chiefly to literary antiquarians and to the trade, deal with Dodsley, the Lintots, Cave, Bowyer, T. Davies, T. Evans, and a few others. Dr. Johnson's father, Michael (1656-1731), is the earliest, and John Nichols (1744-1826) the latest. There are seven portraits.

The difficult profession of philanthropy has been expounded by Miss Jane Addams

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in a course of lectures delivered at various places, and published in some of the periodicals. These lectures are now made into a book entitled 'Democracy and Social Ethics' (Macmillan Co.). There is much that is suggestive and interesting in the tales concerning the recipients of philanthropic attentions, especially in the account of the relations of a Chicago Alderman with his constituents. The attempt to discuss the situation philosophically does not seem to us so fortunate in its event. The course of political thought in the past is not referred to, and the obscurity of the style appears to be due to lack of clearness in the thought. But the lesson that the standards of morality are very different for different ranks and for different individuals is well enforced, and no lesson is more important for all who undertake the care of the morals of others.

Such a leviathan as the United States Steel Corporation well deserves a monograph, and Prof. Horace L. Wilgus of the University of Michigan has undertaken the task. His treatise, published by Callaghan & Co., Chicago, under the above title, consists of three lectures and many tables and documents. The agreements, circulars, charters, etc., fill seventy-five octavo pages. The lectures contain a good deal of biographical matter, which, although somewhat in the nature of gossip, has historical interest and value. They also contain many particulars concerning the methods in which the business of the corporation is carried on. We do not observe that any legal considerations of novelty are presented. Professor Wilgus thinks that the State and general governments should require the publication of full accounts. He regards the anti-monopoly laws already enacted as sufficient to provide such regulation as the interests of the public demand. The book is liberally indexed, and will be found convenient for reference.

The Bibliographical Society of Chicago has republished, in a very limited edition, a monograph by Augustus de Morgan 'On the Difficulty of Correct Description of Books.' The numerous instances cited of blunders in catalogues and bibliographies, and the causes which give rise to such blunders, especially in the case of old books, are very curious. It is somewhat odd that a pamphlet of thirty-three pages only, on such a subject, and issued under such auspices, has apparently gone from the imposing-stone to the press without intermediate proof-reading, which could hardly have failed to detect several glaring errors, and especially one on p. 21, where the misplacement of a line throws a whole paragraph into confusion. (We had written this before we received from the Society a corrected leaf to replace pages 21, 22.)

Under the title 'Some Unpublished Letters of Horace Walpole' (Longmans), Sir Spencer Walpole has made public some thirty letters of considerable interest. They are addressed to the writer's cousin, Thomas Walpole, and to his son, and extend over twenty-six years from 1766 to 1792. These letters are almost entirely personal in character, very little notice being taken of the public events of those momentous years. The aged and blind Marquise du Deffand, for whom Walpole cherished the most tender friendship, died in 1780, and much of the correspondence relates to her, the grief that he felt at her loss, and the trouble he had in securing her papers, which she had bequeathed to him. The popular idea that Walpole was a mere fribble and dilettante, who cared for nothing seriously and for nobody but himself, should be modified by the perusal of these letters. The volume contains a portrait of Walpole and one of Mme. du Deffand.

We printed last week an item from Dr. Stiles's Diary undermining the legend of "Brother Jonathan" as an expression derived from Washington out of affection for Gov. Trumbull of Connecticut. The legend is effectually riddled in an exhaustive inquiry contributed to volume vii. of the Publications of the Colonial Society of Massachusetts, by Mr. Albert Matthews. It appears that "Jonathans" were, first, the disaffected colonists as viewed and derisively denominated by the Loyalists. Mr. Matthews's earliest quotation is of 1778, and postdates Dr. Stiles's, which, moreover, starts full-fledged as "Brother Jonathan," and in Boston, after Bunker's Hill. If the term was originally meant to be synonymous with Yankee and New Englander, it soon took on a wider significance. There were South Carolina Jonathans. Mr. Matthews's article is curious reading for much else besides his main theme; indeed, his excursions are so numerous and copious that sometimes we cannot see the wood for the trees.

Mr. Matthews also reprints from the *Monthly Weather Review* for January and February last an equally laborious examination of the history of our American expression "Indian summer," for which his first quotation is from Major Denny, in 1794, this officer having been a native of Carlisle, Pa. Once more we are impressed with our searcher's prodigious industry, and once more (in view of what on page 50 he calls "odds and ends") with the great desirability of an index to such comprehensive studies.

Romesh Dutt is well known, not only as an Indian politician, but as a scholar, and the author of condensed editions in English verse of the Mahabharata and Ramayana. Nearly twenty years ago a novel of his in an Indian vernacular, published at Calcutta, met with considerable success among his countrymen. He has now translated it into English under the title of 'The Lake of Palms' (London: Fisher Unwin). It is an interesting story of modern Indian domestic life, which may enable us better to understand Indian ways of thought and bring us in sympathy with the people. Politics and the different standpoints from which life is regarded in the East and in the West are not unduly obtruded. Old and new ways jostle each other—pilgrims crowd to holy Hindu shrines by rail. In the East as in the West it is being found out that to continue orthodox it is not necessary always to place old interpretations upon Scriptures. We realize that devotion and sweetness of life flourish under the Hindu as under the Christian scheme of life. The tenderness, purity of thought, and deep religious feeling that undoubtedly characterize masses of the Indian people, are here brought home to us.

We had occasion to mention, in these columns, some years ago, a paper read before the Academy of Sciences in Christiania, by Prof. S. Bugge, relating to a lost runic inscription, of which there now is merely a paper copy extant, taken early in the last century, and in which Bugge had found a verse containing reference to an expedition to Vinland. Since that time energetic search has been made in the district of Ringerike, on the farm where the stone originally belonged, to find it again, but in vain. Professor Bugge has now published his interpretation of this inscription as a part of his serial publication of Norwegian runic inscriptions. It is of interest not only as the only contemporary record of the Vinland voyages—the Icelandic sagas being about 300 years younger than the occurrences chronicled—but also because it must refer to an expedition of which there is no record left in the Sagas, showing that the intercourse was more active than would appear from the written sources of information.

The principal article in the *National Geographic Magazine* for May is an account by Mr. W. D. Wilcox of an expedition through the unexplored region in the Canadian Rockies lying between the railroad and the United States boundary. This comparatively unknown territory, "which is a blank on Dawson's map," has an area of more than 2,000 square miles, and contains the sources of numerous tributaries of the Elk and Kootenai Rivers. Some reproductions of photographs of characteristic scenes show a rare and beautiful combination of snowclad mountains, glaciers, lakes, forests, and charming meadows crowded with wild flowers.

In the *Geographical Journal* for May the Rev. Thomas Lewis describes the ancient kingdom of Kongo, now forming a part of the province of Angola, and its present condition. Its history for the last four centuries is simply one of Portuguese misrule and neglect. A flourishing state whose people had attained a relatively high degree of civilization has become an unknown wilderness inhabited by savages. The capital, San Salvador, once a well-built city of over 100,000 inhabitants, has now barely 1,500. The chief vestiges, apparently, of the Portuguese occupation are the titles Don and Dona given by the natives to their children, and the prevalence of the crucifix among the fetishes of the priests. In Zombo the crucifix is a symbol of power passed down from one chief to his successor. Notwithstanding the negro's present degradation, Mr. Lewis firmly believes in his mental capacity. The mind of the savage is not a blank. "After most careful observations, extending over nineteen years, I have come to the conclusion that there is nothing in the customs and fetishes of the African which does not represent a definite course of reasoning." But his ambition must be aroused. "Not until the *man* in him is found and recognized can there be any real progress made in the development of Africa."

The aim of the Children's National Guild of Courtesy, founded in England ten years ago, is to promote among boys and girls "kindly and thoughtful consideration for others." As members' rules, simple directions for conduct are given under the separate heads of "courtesy as regards yourself," at home, at school, at play, at table, in the street. These begin with "Be honest, truthful and pure," and end with "Be tidy." There were at the close of last year 499 branches in as many different towns in the United Kingdom and the Colonies, with a membership roll of 31,887. In the annual re-

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port, strong testimony is borne by teachers to the success of the Guild, to "a manifest improvement in the behavior of our boys and girls." One of the three "bravest and greatest men who ever lived" commended to English children because of his courtesy to others is George Washington.

The Bodleian Library is to celebrate its tercentenary in October next. The collection founded by Duke Humfrey of Gloucester about 1450 had been allowed to suffer dispersal in the course of a century. Sir Thomas Bodley at his own expense refitted and replenished the bare walls, and threw the library open to the public on November 8, 1602. The celebration will last two days, concluding with a dinner on October 9.

—The neglect of the outer covering of the Harvard College Library is notorious, and (amid the incessant flow of benefactions) both curious and hard to explain. The one occasion on which we have heard it the subject of remark at a commencement dinner was when Mr. Choate, fresh from his triumph over our law-givers in the argument concerning the income tax, proposed that every one of his hearers should contribute to the Library building the sum thus saved to him. Mr. Choate's reputation as a jester was too well fixed to make this suggestion redound to the advantage of the Library a single penny. Meanwhile, the crying need for greater present room, for a construction also for the future, has become more crying, and at the approaching commencement dinner something might well be said on the report of a committee submitted March 31, 1902, which is obtainable in pamphlet form. The present miserably overcrowded building is shown to have but half the capacity of Columbia's great edifice, the princely gift of President Low, and but little more than a third of Princeton's. The decision against further tinkering of the Gore Hall structure is unimpeachable. A wholly new design being assumed, the committee in some detail work out the size and functions, and conclude that "a plain brick building fireproof construction can be erected for twenty-five cents per cubic foot," with a total cost of $750,000 to $800,000. But the administration of the enlarged library will involve increased expenditure, calling for an additional fund of half a million, or a million "to make the Library independent of the College, and enable it to carry on its work easily and effectively." A word to the rich is sufficient. Four men (or women) giving half a million each would meet the need. Incidentally, the report contains a very interesting discussion of the question lately raised anew of separating "live" from "dead" books.

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have published, in attractive book form, the address of Representative S. W. McCall before Dartmouth College, of which he is an alumnus, on the one-hundredth anniversary of Daniel Webster's graduation. The address is printed with some slight revision of its form as prepared, and without the abridgment made necessary by the conditions of its public delivery. The occasion required more of a eulogy than was consistent with entire critical sincerity, and Mr. McCall met the requirement with an apology that falls little short of being a panegyric. Little is made of Webster's college life, the tradition of it is so parsimonious. The lawyer is considered first, and then the orator and statesman. By a happy circumstance, Webster's plea for Dartmouth before the national Supreme Court gave him assured standing in that court. For his great jury case, the White murder trial is selected in accordance with a very general legal opinion of its preëminent character. It is interesting to find George Ticknor fearing an apoplexy from his emotion excited by Webster's Plymouth oration, while Mr. McCall demurs at its florid and ineffectual imitation of Burke. Deservedly much attention is paid to the reply to Hayne, the spoken peroration of which is given and preferred to that commonly known, which is more artificial. There is a discussion of the relative merits of Webster's oratory which arrives at the conclusion that he was surpassed by no English-speaking orator and equalled only by Burke. The apology for Webster's support of the "tariff of abominations," in direct reversal of his position four years earlier, is that the tariff had in the meantime created New England manufactures and given him a bill of divorcement from his former principles. Even more lame is the apology for the Seventh of March speech. It may be conceded that Webster's love of the Union was genuine, and also his fear for its safety. But there is no proper apprehension of Webster's declension from his earlier anti-slavery position, and Mr. McCall simply puts Webster's desire for the Presidency out of court. Allusion is made to the "noble reparation" of Whittier's "Lost Opportunity" for the "Ichabod"; but the later poem retracts little or nothing. It simply regrets that Webster did not live to see his Union-saving doctrine come into general fashion. The wonderful picture of Webster in the tall stove-pipe hat is the effective frontispiece to the little volume.

—Henry Loomis Nelson opens the June *Century* with a discussion of law-making at Washington by the hierarchy of the three majority members of the Committee on Rules. We get a vivid presentation of actual conditions, but Mr. Nelson hardly makes out a good case for his proposal to seek reform further along the same road that has led the House into its present condition. A recognized committee in each branch, composed exclusively of members of the majority party, for the express purpose of selecting both the subjects to be presented to Congress and the form in which they shall be presented, is his prescription. This, he thinks, will make it possible for the country to know, as it does not now know, where rests the responsibility for failure or the credit for achievement. But how are the voters at large to enforce responsibility against such a party committee? About one voter in a hundred would have an opportunity to strike at some member of the committee at the polls. Other members of the majority party, in case the committee should become offensive, would save themselves with their several constituencies by the entirely plausible plea that the action of the committee was against their judgment. Mr. Nelson makes the common assumption that the House, previous to the Reed rules, had become an inefficient mob, and that the new system has transformed it into something better. The proportion of fiction to demonstrable fact in the latter half of this assumption is unduly large. Professor Pickering contributes an interesting bit of comparative astronomy, arguing from the similarity of the "canals" on Mars and the moon, and the known scarcity of air and water-vapor on the latter, against the supposition that the "canals" on Mars are the product of living beings. No astronomer, he thinks, will be tempted to reverse the argument and use it in support of the inhabitation of the moon.

—*Harper's*, like the *Century*, draws upon the Harvard Observatory for its June issue. Ralph Bergengren, working upon material furnished by Professor Pickering, describes some of the discoveries read by astronomers from the autobiographies which the stars are made to write upon the plates of the photographer. Harvard has already more than 115,000 of these plates filed away, and instruments both at Cambridge and at Arequipa are constantly increasing the collection. An incident or two will show the value of this collection for future study. When Mme. Ceraski of Moscow discovered an Algol variable, in 1898, a reference to the Harvard plates disclosed more than two hundred photographs of this star, taken between 1890 and the date when the plates were examined. Again, the negatives proved that Nova Aurigæ, discovered by Dr. Anderson of Edinburgh in 1892, had been visible at least six weeks before it was actually seen. Of the eight most important new stars among the discoveries of the past decade, six were first noticed by Mrs. Fleming, the curator of the collection, in the routine examination preparatory to filing and cataloguing. Dr. Henry C. McCook makes a contribution in popular science in a very different direction, through a study of the relation of insect life to the progress of human civilization. Even the coal measures which have been so important a factor in the industrial life of recent generations, we owe to insect life, in so far as the conifers of the coal-forming era were dependent upon insects for fertilization. Darwin has shown the function of the earthworm in the preparation of soil for agricultural processes, and the writer concludes, from his own observations, that the part played by ants in the same work is, within their sphere, almost as great. On the other side of the account, the destructive work of insects in this country has been estimated by various authorities at from three to four hundred millions of dollars per annum. Mr. Howells, from the Easy Chair, gives a pleasant account of his trip down the Ohio, fifteen months ago. Readers acquainted with the ground will find his treatment of the "shanty-boat" population defective in its failure to recognize the relation of these people to the illicit liquor traffic, growing out of the ease with which the floating "speak-easy" crosses the line of State jurisdiction along the Ohio River.

—Money, world-politics, and golf—these are the three subjects upon which Americans now care to talk, according to William Garrott Brown in the current *Atlantic*. The editor has recognized all three. Charles M. Skinner's paper on the Electric Car talks in billions of American investments in trolley railways, though the financial aspect is only one feature of his study. More interesting to those who care to go beyond Mr. Brown's trinity of current conversation is the question of the sociological effect of the trolley, now that it has ceased to con-

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fine itself to the city and is mingling country, village, and city population as they have never before been brought together in the world's history. As to world-politics, we wearily learn from the paper of Remsen Whitehouse, on "Austria and Pan-Germanism," that another great field for American "influence," armed if necessary, is looming up. If "militant Pan-Germanism" shall go to the extent of incorporating Austria, as its scheme demands, then there is a call for the active intervention of the world Powers, "among which the United States has assumed so important a place, and corresponding responsibilities." Mr. Brown's readable apology for golf, as a recreation fitted to take a man's brain out of the modern whirl, and teach him some of the quiet habits of mother Nature, is at once witty and convincing. Even those of us who lack courage to take up a game which requires a new language in addition to the three or four of the college course, can yet bless the golf club for drawing off competition, and leaving us so much more nearly alone with the trees, the stream, the trout, and the bamboo. Prof. Irving Babbitt considers the present position of "the Humanities" in a paper which should have the earnest attention of educators, classical or otherwise. He sounds again the needed warning against the ruin of classical studies by losing sight of their true function, and importing into them on false analogy "scientific methods" which belong in other spheres.

—W. S. Harwood gives a glowing account in *Scribner's* of "The New Agriculture," meaning thereby the improvement which has resulted from the work of the various agricultural experiment stations established under the acts of 1887 and 1890. It is unquestionable that these stations have done a large amount of careful and valuable scientific work in the short period of their existence, but a little open-eyed travel over the country, combined with a careful study of crop statistics, must convince even the enthusiast that the new agriculture is as yet pretty closely confined to the experiment stations themselves and the files of their published bulletins. Not until a more vital relation is established between this work and the average farmer will it be true to say, as Mr. Harwood says, that "the progress in agriculture in the last generation has been greater than in all the generations that have preceded." Harvey Maitland Watts attacks in a determined way the theories of the Gulf Stream as a climatic factor which have had such vogue ever since the publication of Lieut. Maury's famous 'Physical Geography of the Sea.' Within a year of the appearance of Maury's book, William Ferrel contributed to the Nashville *Journal of Medicine* a paper which marked out the way for the views now held by scientific observers, assigning to the Gulf Stream a very low position, as compared with the cyclonic and anti-cyclonic movements of the atmosphere; but Maury was read with delight by the masses, while the more scientific views were unknown except to the scientific few. Perhaps there is a lesson in all this for those who look askance at any literary quality in the scientist. Maury was read because he aimed to be readable, and succeeded. Editorially, we have some remarks on Russian literature, to the effect that the Russian writer, if he be a man of any power, sees no use in writing at all "unless you write with the intention of getting as nearly as may be at the secret of why one happens to be alive."

—The interesting story of King Horn has of late been the subject of much careful study. The Middle English poem appeared last year in two new editions, one by Professor McKnight of Ohio State University, and the other by Mr. Joseph Hall of the Hulme Grammar School, Manchester. At the December meeting of the Modern Language Association two papers were devoted to the Horn story. We now have the elaborate study of a young German scholar, a part of which appeared last year as a Kiel dissertation ('Studien zur Hornsage,' by Otto Hartenstein, in the *Kieler Studien zur englischen Philologie*, part iv.). Its chief value lies in its full digest of the history of opinions regarding Horn problems. As an original contribution to the subject it will not rank high. The points which chiefly interest Hartenstein are the authorship of the French version, and the original home of the legend. He concludes that Mestre Thomas was a wandering singer, no longer young, who had been well educated in a cloister; whose home was in southern England, perhaps in Sussex, where he possibly became a man of family; and who, while speaking Anglo-Norman French, was acquainted with English. The legend is Germanic; that it originated in England this scholar thinks is shown chiefly by the names, only two of which, *Aaluf* and *Thurston*, are surely Norse. The identification of *Horn* with *Orm*, which seems to come from Professor Gering, is doubtful, and, as Hartenstein adds, unnecessary. Like many other critics, however, Hartenstein fails to take sufficient account of the Celtic character of localities and surroundings, and it seems probable that Dr. Schofield's theory, which locates Horn's home in the Isle of Man, will ultimately find general favor. A valuable feature of the book is the bibliography. The compiler, however, seems not to have known of McKnight's excellent reëdition of Lumby, although it appeared some weeks in advance of Hall's, which he notes in his *Nachträge*.

WALTER BESANT.

Autobiography of Sir Walter Besant. With a Prefatory Note by S. Squire Sprigge. Dodd, Mead & Co. 1902.

Sir Walter begins his autobiography with an elaborate conceit of his original choice of the place and time and circumstances of his birth, of the family he would be born into, and the training he would get therein. He imagines himself as having chosen exactly those things which were actually his portion. But, had his prevision extended to the publication of this book, it is extremely doubtful whether he would have chosen Mr. Sprigge as its editor. It is quite certain that he would not have done so, for Mr. Sprigge's "Prefatory Note," twenty pages long, is to a considerable degree an apology and a depreciation. It tends to beget in the reader's mind a suspicion of the quality of Sir Walter's account of his own life. Some of the particulars are well enough. Besant's habitual method was to make a rough manuscript first, revise that to some extent, then have a typewritten copy made, and revise that carefully. The manuscript of the Autobiography never got so far as the typewritten stage. The earlier chapters were, however, fully and freely revised; the later ones were not, and there were gaps in them which Sir Walter would have filled up—one of them very notable. Much of this the reader would have surmised without editorial help. The points at which the editor has overstepped the bounds of prudence are those relating to Sir Walter's opinions of the critics and the theologians. We see no reason for supposing that Sir Walter said anything of either of these sets of people which did not fairly express his thought and feeling, and, could he revisit the earthly scene in which he took a strong man's pure delight, Mr. Sprigge would quite possibly have a bad quarter of an hour. We are assured that Sir Walter's hatred of the evangelical theology was "an expression of his delight in life, and had nothing to do with his sacred convictions." But he had no more sacred conviction than that life was a good thing and meant to be enjoyed. Mr. Sprigge is confident that the "bitter acerbity" which distinguishes his remarks on ritualism would have been sweetened if he had been spared to think over the passage. They might have taken on a keener edge. Mr. Sprigge also deprecates the acerbity with which the critics are treated; but Sir Walter knew well enough that there are critics and critics, and he does not fail to discriminate between the better and the worse.

There is little intimacy in Sir Walter's disclosure of the facts of his career. He keeps pretty steadily in mind his purpose to set forth his literary life, and he neglects the more personal part except as this interprets or illustrates his literary ambitions and successes. He is at his best in his account of his early years, at Portsea, near Portsmouth, where he was born August 14, 1836. Much of the local situation passed into his novels, and from these a number of long extracts are made which are less effective than the direct reminiscence. The father, who was "not a pushing man and mostly waited," was a book-lover, and liked plays particularly. He had a large collection which he got rid of when he thought they would harm his boys; not, however, until after Walter had read all of them. Sir Walter's hatred of Calvinism was the fruit of which his father's indifference to it was the flower. Regular in his attendance at church, the father never presented himself at Holy Communion. "Since we were warned how we might, by unworthily partaking, cause our own damnation, it was generally felt that it was wiser not to take the risk." The boy enjoyed the long sermons very much. They left him to his waking dreams. So long as he lived, he was never able to listen to a sermon. "The preachers begin," he says; "I try to give them a chance. Then the old habit returns. Involuntarily my eyes drop, I fly away, I am again John-o'dreams." This is very pretty, but it is quite spoiled by the confession that he went to church but once or twice in thirty years. Was that his idea of giving the preachers a good chance?

His mother was the cleverest woman he ever knew, the quickest-witted. Such imagination as he had he credited to her. A rare passage in the book is that which describes himself sitting at her feet in the deepening twilight, looking into the red

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coals and listening to her stories of the New Forest. He writes of his senses as being imperfect. He was short-sighted, he says, and slow-sighted, and, likewise, dull of smell. This is strange for the eulogist of Richard Jefferies. But there was some alleviation.

"I have a companion (who has tried to teach me all she knows) who finds, I am aware, a thousand breaths of fragrance where I find only one. She hears in the warbling of the woods a hundred notes, and distinguishes them all—to me they are mostly like; she knows all the trees, with the infinite varieties of leaf, of color, of bough and branch, with the loveliness and the charm that belong to each—I take them all together; she knows all the wild flowers and loves them every one for its own sake and for its own special charm—I love them all together. This comes of a childhood spent in streets and on the seashore, and of a boyhood wherein the leisure hours were chiefly passed up in a corner, nose in book."

The story of Besant's early schooling and later education abounds in interesting matter. His first school was kept by three sisters, two of them "serious," the third never serious; and her cheerfulness gave the school its characteristic note. It was at this early stage that he began his independent reading with 'Pilgrim's Progress,' 'Robinson Crusoe,' and the Apocalypse. His best schooling was the next in order. Thanks to it he knew more Greek and Latin at the age of twelve than when he went up to Cambridge at eighteen. But though he could "rattle off miles of Homer and Virgil," he could never say his catechism straight. He always broke down at the question, "What desirest thou in the Lord's Prayer?" "There I met my fate; the cane was at hand—whack! whack!" Other private schools followed, and then, with a view to his taking holy orders, which was not dissipated till he was twenty-four, Besant entered a London grammar school which had a subordinate relation to King's College. Better than the games, at which the school was not great, he liked to get away to the City of London, which was then to him, as ever after, a place of mystery, full of things to be discovered. He then and there began London archæologist. In 1854 he left the suburban school with the honors of its captaincy and a barrowful of prizes, and entered King's College, after signing, as required, the Thirty-nine Articles, four of which he learned in the course of his first year, and "the remaining thirty-five I continued to accept on trust." The period at King's was the most dreary part of his whole life.

"We were," he says, "left absolutely alone. . . . No one appeared to know how desperately miserable an evening in lodgings may be. . . . When my nerves could stand it no longer, I have taken my hat and rushed out into the streets. . . . I wonder that some horrible obsession of the devil did not fall upon me as it fell upon hundreds and thousands like myself, turned into the streets because I could not bear to sit alone."

Yet the college which drove a boy into the primrose path of dalliance, after this fashion, was "then, even more than now, a bulwark of orthodoxy and the Established Church." He took a mathematical scholarship and carried off prizes in classics, mathematics, and divinity, ironical as that may seem. "But nobody cared about any of the students; during the whole time I was there, I never remember a single word of personal interest or of encouragement." From the hard actual he took refuge in the ideal, and resolved to be a poet. The poems were put away, neatly labelled. Long afterward he looked them over. "Heavens! How could any one, even at the present day, imagine that such stuff was poetry!" But what with their royal borrowing and earnest aspiration, he recognized that the writing of that stuff was part of his education.

The account of Christ's College, Cambridge, whither, in 1855, he betook himself from King's, and of the University in general, is very interesting, but not more flattering than Gibbon's picture of the Oxford of his time. "The dulness, the incapacity, the stupidity of the dons brought the small colleges into a certain contempt. Naturally the dulness of the fellows was in some sort reflected among the undergraduates. There were certain colleges which never seemed to show any intellectual life at all." The "depth and the extent and the intensity of the ignorance of the undergraduates" generally were unspeakable. But there were exceptions among both teachers and students. Christ College had the good luck to have a tutor, Enson, "who, for the first time in the annals of the College, actually concerned himself about the men individually; who stormed and bullied the indolent and encouraged those who worked." Hence a succession of able men whose names are given. Skeat, the Anglo-Saxon scholar, was one of them, Seeley another, Robertson Smith a third. But the emphasis is on the poet Calverley. He was already a bachelor when Besant entered, and, soon competing for a gold medal for an English essay, Besant won it and was bracketed with Calverley. By that incident the two men were made friends. One day Calverley came to him and said, "I've got a young Frenchman. He's clever. Come and be amused." Besant went and was amused. The young Frenchman "told quantities of stories in a quiet, irresponsible way," and, after two or three hours of port, he sang Italian opera in the finest style. Why not "Ben Bolt"? for he was George Du Maurier. Besant writes down his own university course as creditable, but not highly distinguished. It was certainly not distinguished for an active piety. He attended Holy Communion but three times in his three years—all three in the last two terms; and for this scandalous behavior nearly lost his certificate. No wonder his Cambridge residence made holy orders impossible for him. The wonder is that he "did not as yet understand this important fact." It knocked all his literary aspirations on the head. "Writing had to wait." But it improved his manners, and for this he was properly grateful. It widened his mind in every imaginable way.

After graduation there was a tramp abroad with Calverley and two other Cambridge men, which, for Besant, meant a great deal. He came back to England to find trouble brewing. He had passed a theological examination and was now to pass the Bishop's. "I put myself," he says "in communication with the Bishop's secretary, and with great depression of spirits prepared myself for perjury, because by this time I understood that the white tie would choke me." It was rumored that he was not sound on the Atonement, but his name and credentials were sent to the Bishop. "And then—oh, happiness! a door of release was thrown open." His choice was given him of two colonial professorships. He chose Mauritius, South Africa having snakes. There he lived six years and a half. He writes little of the college, where a continual fight was going on between the rector and professors, but had he been consciously looking up material for his novels, he could not have been better placed. Some of his experiences are narrated in his most vivid manner. There was a visitation of cholera; another of the plague. Finally, he got away on a year's furlough, and never went back. On the way home he got in more rough material for his novels, the Cape of Good Hope justifying its other name—the Cape of Torments—and the officials at Cape Colony showing him the first diamond found in those parts. It emitted no gleam of recent happenings. Resolved not to go back to Mauritius, he turned to literature for a livelihood, with a confidence that was amazing in his retrospective eyes. Before his 'Early French Poetry' was published (1868), a great piece of luck came to him in the post of secretary of a Palestinian exploration society. He held the office eighteen years. Besides a certain income, it brought him the friendship of the Arabic scholar, Palmer, which meant a great deal. His term of service was signalized by a great find—the Moabite stone—and a great fraud, viz., a contemporary copy of Deuteronomy, which deceived some of the very elect. Shapira, the forger, wanted a million pounds for his parchment. Being discovered, he went out and hanged himself, leaving with Besant the leaden cover of Samson's coffin—but about that Shapira was not quite certain. Neither was Besant. But for the secretaryship, Besant is sure that he could never have realized his literary ambition, and he advises all literary aspirants to get a position of that kind. "Anything, anything, rather than dependence on the pen, and the pen alone!"

A chapter on Sir Walter's literary work, outside his fiction, is too detailed to recapitulate. In the next following he pays his respects to the "critics and criticasters" in his familiar strain. Let the galled criticasters wince, the honest critics be consoled. The same chapter tells the story of Besant's collaboration with James Rice. He declines to explain its method because Rice died in 1882. But they worked without regular partnership and without disagreement, each carrying on meantime his independent work. The arrangement lasted ten years and produced as many successful novels. Nevertheless, Sir Walter pronounces decidedly against the method. "There will come a time when both men fret under the condition; when each desires, but is not able, to enjoy the reputation of his own good work; and feels, with the jealousy natural to an artist, irritated by the loss of half himself, and ready to accept the responsibility of failure in order to make sure of the meed of success." Of the books Besant wrote with Rice, he liked best 'The Chaplain of the Fleet,' and thought it perhaps the best of his eighteenth-century novels.

From 1882 onward he was "The Novelist with a Free Hand," and wrote eighteen novels in as many years, with great enjoyment, fancying each the best while he was writing it. Each took him eight or ten

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months, from start to finish. This means a thousand words a day, but he had no such command of his talent as Trollope, who could grind out his stint on shipboard as easily as in the quiet and still air of his own study. There is a good account of Besant's methods, which he compares to the boring of a tunnel, the rough blasting going on ahead, while the completion often slowly follows. He thinks 'Dorothy Foster' the best of his eighteen unassisted novels. This was one of four eighteenth-century stories. There are brief comments on all the others. 'The Fourth Generation' is the most serious. He rejoices in them all, in the troops of friends that they have raised up for him, and "a whole army of enemies—exactly such enemies as one, at the outset, would desire above all things to make": "the spiritualist fraud," "the sickly sentimentalist," "the shrieking sisterhood"—these in revolt against his 'Revolt of Man.' The philanthropic novels, 'All Sorts and Conditions of Men' and 'Children of Gideon,' are assigned to a separate chapter on his "Philanthropic Work." The story of the Palace of Delight, which grew up from the former of these as a foundation, is one of melancholy failure in the main. 'The Children of Gideon,' as an attack on the sweating-shops, did not do much better. Those sweated were too anxious to become sweaters in their turn. In this connection Sir Walter strikes out boldly for the Salvation Army and at Professor Huxley. He does not estimate highly his own speech-making, but thinks he made one good speech, and it was in defence of the Salvation Army.

Strangely enough, he forgets to write as he intended on the Society of Authors, in which he took great interest and a leading part, and the omission has been corrected by the introduction of a speech he made on the subject in 1892. It lacks the freedom of the other chapters. His London studies get honorable mention, and in conclusion we have "The Conduct of Life and the Influence of Religion." Here he recurs to his early London loneliness and his evening amusements. It is encouraging that he thinks that such amusements were much coarser then than now. At Cambridge there was a suburb called Barnwell, apparently given over to "lubricity," which was patronized by fellows of colleges and men intending holy orders. As for his religious opinions, "having shovelled away the evangelical rubbish, [he] was ready to make a clean sweep of a good deal more." But he never became agnostic. His simple creed was that of the radical Unitarian. He reserves for ritualism his hardest blows. He finds all sacerdotalism repulsive, and ritualism merely its absurdest form. "Now, at last," he says, "there is not left to me a single rag or scrap of the ecclesiastical rubbish."

There is an excellent portrait which seems to take him in the act of thinking in this fashion. It represents a man who was sturdy, wholesome, honest, but not delicate; not one of the finer spirits.

MORE FICTION.

Michael Ferrier. By E. Frances Poynter. Macmillan Co.

A Double-Barrelled Detective Story. By Mark Twain. Harper & Brothers.

The Opponents. By Harrison Robertson. Charles Scribner's Sons.

In the Country God Forgot. By Frances Charles. Little, Brown & Co.

Sarita, the Carlist. By Arthur W. Marchmont. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

The Sport of the Gods. By Paul Laurence Dunbar. Dodd, Mead & Co.

Bread and Wine. By Maud Egerton King. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Roman Biznet. By Georgia Wood Pangborn. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

'Michael Ferrier' affords space to breathe from history, warfare, and dialect. It is a love-story of modern England without drawbridge and without Napoleon. We regret that the clever authoress found a pistol indispensable when all was going so nicely uncomfortably without it. But—if one can forgive her for turning a novel of manners into a tragedy, in a day when our books need tragedy so much less than they need manners—we can allow that she has done it ably, and so as to convey a genuine fillip of consternation. The characters stand out alive and well defined. The writer's skill and delicacy in this branch of her art have led her into too great minuteness here and there in introducing accessories and in describing them, their natures, their consorts, their previous conditions of servitude, or otherwise. But it is all done with the pen of literary good breeding, and the book is not so long that one need quarrel seriously with anything that extends it.

"A novelette in which the author enters upon a field that is entirely new," is the official motto for Mark Twain's latest story. As one reads it and balances the claims of Sherlock Holmes *in propria persona* with those of the boy born with a bloodhound's scent, the question arises whether this is likely to be the corner-stone of a new school—whether in Conan Doyle's next book the sub-hero will be Tom Sawyer; whether Seton-Thompson will exploit the jumping frog; whether possibly, as the movement grows apace, Winston Churchill may not take as his hero Oliver Herford, and Henry James write a novel about Mark Twain. The consideration that makes against it is that happily Mark Twain is inimitable.

Mr. Robertson's first chapter reads almost as vengefully as Mark Twain's. Like that it is of injury, of vengeance that aims far deeper than killing—that would condemn its victims to lifelong torture. In the former case burlesque comes tripping in to apply poultices, while in 'The Opponents' the rather sensational opening has a coherent and even righteous sequel. The self-appointed judge and executioner lives to see what evil he has wrought his own nature by trying to take upon himself the functions of Providence. His ascent to a loftier moral plane is not wholly natural. When middle-aged suitors feel themselves unworthy of nice young maidens, they are not often self-convicted to the point of telling them in what shady ways their political paths have lain. In fact, Morgan Tunstall is an improbable combination of scruple and the reverse, although he is made very present to the reader. If the theme of his revenge and reconstruction is somewhat forced, the treatment is in a marked degree self-contained and satisfactory. The political background of the story is uncommonly successful, and the episode of the toll-gate raids lends novelty to the oft-told tale of Kentucky elections. Some fine old Kentucky characters, black and white, exude humor without pain. The love interest is enlivened by the agreeable naturalness of the women; the heroine's hesitation between the attraction of masterful power on one side and energetic youth on the other, being very humanly seen and told. Mr. Robertson may be congratulated on a work of more than usual substance, accomplished with a nice sense of symmetry.

'In the Country God Forgot' has a fibrous strength of its own. The sky and the cacti and the droughts of Arizona are stamped in on the brain as one reads. The characters loom forcibly out of the arid air. The plot is slight but sufficient. But the way of telling is quite intolerable. The involutions, affectations, crudities, elaborations are as irritating to the spirit as the dry atmosphere of Arizona to the skin. It is Margaret Fuller and Pater translated into Yankee Doodle language. As one rises from the reading—no, one does not rise, one falls back exhausted—there is a positive Arizonian thirst for simple statement, as of the multiplication table, or "Mary had a little lamb."

The story of adventure and the domestic drama will soon be one, for former ages are well-nigh depleted of their harvest. The Wheel of Things has forced the writer forward, and now he gives us the doughty deeds of the last three centuries with the *dramatis personæ* of to-day. The swashbuckler of Mr. Marchmont's story might have been a Russian, a Gentleman of France, or whatever, but remains, spite of all temptations, a simple Englishman; as valorous as a third of Three Guardsmen, as single-minded as Sir Galahad (we thank him for that), as lady-beloved as the first-person hero always is, as indispensable as Richard Carvel, as astute as Sherlock Holmes, as effective with pistol and fist as a Knight of Zenda. It would not be surprising to learn that Mr. Marchmont had read the 'Prisoner of Zenda,' by the way. If the mind be attuned to these perfections, and if it does not give one a chilly feeling to find the Queen Regent and the young King of Spain under personal obligations (personally and chummily expressed) to the hero of 'Sarita,' then the reader need fear no drawback to the enjoyment of a lively, eager-flowing story. Risks and escapades, private and political, keep up a rattling pace through more than four hundred pages, yet it can be truthfully conceded that the interest does not languish. There are no snags of disquisition to arrest the current which carries one far but fast. The novel is, furthermore, marked by the cleanliness which in a novel is even more requisite than godliness. And all ends as it should: the wicked are cut down without crime; the good inherit fortunes and wives. (There are no meek.) The rejected find comfort in others or in convents.

Mr. Dunbar's story is of a negro wrongly imprisoned for theft, of the hounding of his family out of a Southern town, of their degradation in New York, whither they take their flight, of innocence reëstablished when it is too late for anything but a ghost of happiness. The picture of sordid downfall and crime in the city reads no more pleasantly of blacks than it would of any other race. But it stands as a plea

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against an indiscriminate Northward and cityward rush by those for whom "good agriculture is better than bad art." The crime is shifted from innocent black shoulders to guilty white through the instrumentality of yellow journalistic greed; the neighborhood colonels and judges profoundly regretting the act of justice that brings a distinguished Southern family to shame. The story is thus of unrelieved wofulness; its moral, that the negro has no chance against unjust suspicion in the South, nor any against ruin in New York.

If the Gentle Reader is not extinct, he may solace himself with 'Bread and Wine,' a story of Davos, dealing with the natives, where a little human weakness is the darkest shadow, where family affections furnish the high lights, where the scene is the winter valley or the summer Alp; where the breath of cows sweetens the pages, where mountain brooks tinkle, Alpine rose and gentian bloom, and little children tell fairy stories in the woods. Pastoral, natural, and sincere, it sets the Tyrolese jodel in a key novel enough to seize and soothe the ear.

How nice it would be if the novel of heredity should now and then show that good as well as evil traits are transmitted! It is always the ancestral murder and madness that come out in the text; truly the foreparents of fiction are a sorry lot. Roman Biznet was peculiarly unfortunate in his. His father forged, stole, and committed more than one revolting murder; his Indian grandmother slew her (it must be admitted) objectionable German husband with an axe. Both grandfathers played the fiddle, and Roman inherited their musical genius, a sloping forehead, and two warring natures. As a boy, half of him teased, stole apples, wandered at night like a wood creature; while the other half played on the piano and made all the women like him. As a man, he was double-natured, too. He played the 'cello, composed music, and remained popular with the ladies, while he had a temper that was annoying to say the least; deceived the rich lady who brought him up, pinched and threatened, and had slaughterous dreams, particularly when the medical student had given him morphine. A fight between father and son closes the story. "They bit, tore, scratched, fighting grotesquely as anthropoids may have fought before men were."

The victory for the moral side of Roman Biznet will strike the reader as a very doubtful one, we think. But let us hope for the best. The story is not all of fights and morphine. There are domestic, schoolroom, and farmyard scenes in a northern New York settlement, and various studies of various human types, less anthropoid than the Biznet family. Dr. Winthrop is one character with whom one can be wholly in sympathy. In differing degrees we put up with the others—the narrow-minded aristocrat who adopts and makes miserable the orphan children; Elizabeth, who is poetic and untidy; Kitty, who is impervious to cultivation; Maud, who is patrician, but reads letters not meant for her. The strength of the study, the originality of the types are undeniable, but the evolution of a man out of generations of musical beasts is not comfortable reading. Even worse as to taste are remarks thrown in gratuitously here and there, mainly about hair. In fact, although a clever book, 'Roman Biznet' moves in an atmosphere disagreeable beyond the disagreeableness of theme. We do not expect the jovial in a psychological novel, but we should like matters to be less creepy, and we should like to think the hero worth redeeming. The fault of overloading with incident is natural and venial, for it is a "first novel," we are told, by "a member of the class of '96 at Smith College." No indulgence need be extended to the style, which is unaffectedly terse. A quick and incisive power of observing is turned to account. There is no trace of what Green calls "a forced muddy-boot originality." The story is spontaneously planned and told. Possibly the unpleasantness is too spontaneous. There is true sentiment in a phrase like this: "A warm wind seemed looking nervously among the bushes for something that it could not find but must have at once if some calamity were to be averted." The trouble is that the book makes the reader feel like that warm wind.

A NEW ESKIMO GRAMMAR.

Grammatical Fundamentals of the Innuit Language, as spoken by the Eskimo of the Western Coast of Alaska. By the Rev. Francis Barnum, S. J., of Georgetown University, D. C. Boston: Ginn & Co. 1901. Large 8vo, pages xxv, 384.

This well-printed volume contains grammatical notes and a vocabulary of the Eskimo dialect spoken from Norton to Bristol Bay, on the Western Alaskan coast, collected by a missionary of the Jesuit order. Father Barnum started for the Alaskan mission in June, 1891, and established a mission-house at Tununa on Nelson Island, opposite Nunivak. With a companion belonging to the same religious order, he valiantly struggled against the rigors of the climate, while simultaneously striving to conquer the oddities of an eminently polysynthetic language. Nature herself seemed to oppose her mightiest obstacles to his efforts, for frequently he risked having his hand frozen when removing the mitten in order to make a memorandum of some expression that seemed of importance to him in the pursuit of his studies. To bring his manuscript to its degree of perfection, Father Barnum subjected it to subsequent revision for eight years, and is still conscious of many weak points in the lexical as well as in the grammatic portion. In acquiring the language he was aided by the almost absolute uniformity of dialect observed even in villages a thousand miles distant from each other. Many previous travellers have expressed their astonishment at the same fact, which is explained by the great paucity of natives inhabiting those coasts.

Father Barnum uses an alphabet of fifteen vowels, three diphthongs, and seventy-one consonants to write down his dialect. The letters are given the values they have in the English alphabet, which he finds more appropriate than others to express the sounds heard in Eskimo. This is a debatable point, in which the majority of linguists will certainly differ from our missionary. By means of diacritical marks he manages to distinguish four kinds of *a*, two of which would be expressed by *e* by those using the standard alphabet of Lepsius. One of his two *e*'s is *i*, and of diphthongs there seem to be only *au* and *ya* in the languages. In the use of macrons (-) and breves (˘) Father Barnum is certainly too liberal; he puts one of these two marks on every one of his vowels, instead of simply stating that vowels without the macron should always be considered short. Accenting the stressed syllable is another short way of obviating any misunderstanding in this respect, and, generally speaking, our author's phonetic transcription must be set down as too artificial.

The most characteristic feature of all Eskimo dialects is their high degree of polysynthesis and their large incorporating faculty. In these points they seem to be more richly endowed than all other languages in the world. The numerous modes and voices in the verb, the wealth of nominal cases, are surprising; the number of particles that can be inserted in the word is almost unspeakably large. That nouns can be inflected for tense we notice in many American languages, but here it is the "regular thing." In the noun the locative cases are superabundant, and quite specific in their meanings. The dual, which has disappeared from most languages that ever had it, is prominent in Eskimo, in the noun as well as in the pronoun and verb; noun-forming suffixes able to form a number of derivatives from verbal stems are in abundance also.

What Father Barnum calls *modes* we should define as adverbs incorporated into or suffixed to (Eskimo has no prefixes) a verbal stem; they either refer to action, and then are transitive, or to being, and then are intransitive. They are inserted immediately after the stem or root of the verb, so that a verb consists of a stem followed by one, two, three, etc., modal particles, and closes with the person-suffix. One of the modes, *e. g.*, corresponds to our inchoative verb, stating that "the act is about to begin"; it is characterized by the suffix -atatoa. These inserted particles, forming modes, have to follow one another in the following order: particles of mode, of adjutant, of negation, of object and number or tense, and finally of person (page 176). The term *adjutant* corresponds to what we call subordinate sentences introduced by causative or temporal or conditional, etc., conjunctions. The author gives a list of 170 modes with their characteristic particles.

The objective inflection is also rich in forms. Verbal stem comes first, then the index of tense, combined with the pronominal object, then the personal subject pronoun which closes the word, in the quality of a suffix. The negation *not* is intercalated between the stem and the temporal index, and lengthy paradigms of the negative forms are subjoined, in the three tenses, present, past, and future. The two interrogative paradigms, one positive, the other negative, have again their three tenses for each of the three persons (pp. 117, 119).

The fact that the substantive verb *to be* does not exist in the language, causes a number of attributive verbs to come into existence, the most cumbersome adjunct imaginable for verbal inflection. On page 96 Father Barnum produces a long array of "locative verbs," in which adverbs become verbified by the suffix -tok.

The words called by us prepositions and adverbs can also be converted into verbs by incorporating tense-marks, case-marks, and possessive pronouns. Each one of them has at least two cases, the *vialis* and the

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terminalis, and the result is that any adverb or preposition can with these helps be made either a noun or a verb. When an adjective is formed from an adverb it is personified and placed in one of the three numbers, singular, dual, or plural, and, moreover, provided with case-endings (pp. 98, 99). Synthesis, not analysis, is the absolutely dominant rule in Eskimo morphology.

In view of all these facts, the want of any grammatic gender cannot surprise us, for the contrast between masculine and feminine never entered to any tangible extent into the spirit prevailing in this and in other American languages; it was the contrast between animate and inanimate that was sought to be expressed, and even of this the distinction is often left to be decided by the context.

The numerals form a very polymorphic part of speech in Eskimo. There are to be found not only our cardinals, ordinals, distributives, and adverbial numerals, but also series like "one by one," "seven by seven"; or, "there are five," "there are six"; or, "I got four," "I got five"—all expressed by *one* single word. "I am in four, five places" is also expressed synthetically in one single verb. This is enough to teach us that the Eskimo has some difficulty in thinking of a numeral abstractly, as he prefers to combine it with some verb or other expression, and thus creates manifold new inflections for it. The Eskimo numeral system is the quinary one.

A number of attractive "Native Stories," obtained from individuals who act as story-tellers, are given from page 270 to 299, with glossaries and translations. They form a needful complement to the grammar, and greatly help in exemplifying the dry rules of morphology and syntax found at the beginning of the volume. A few popular songs are inserted on pages 309-311.

Farther Barnum's collection of vocables extends over the dialects spoken at Tanuna, Kuskokwim, St. Michael; the words are presented in their simple or radical form only, most of the compounds having been excluded. There are between five and six thousand words in the list, all being syllabicated and accented with punctilious care. The language of which Father Barnum treats is called by him the Innuit language, and the people speaking it, the Eskimo. These natives call themselves Inuit, men, not doubling the *n*, for the singular is inok, inuk, man. The customary use of the plural Innuits is like speaking of the "Apaches" language; or of the "Cherokees" language. As to Eskimo, this word means "raw eater," and corresponds to the Mexican *comecrudo*, which has also been used as a tribal or national name. These people, again, do not so call *themselves*.

Father Barnum's volume has given to science the latest details of an Eskimo dialect comparatively *new* to us. Every work of this sort has to contend with numerous difficulties not apparent to the majority of students; to have achieved as much as he did in eight years is highly creditable.

Poverty: A Study of Town Life. By B. Seebohm Rowntree. Macmillan Co. 1901.

The depressing title of this book is fully justified by the dismal records which it contains. The town whose life is studied is the city of York, in England; a town having a population of only 75,000, but as much and as wretched poverty, in proportion, as London. Indeed, Mr. Charles Booth, whose opinion on such matters commands universal respect, declares his belief that other English cities would show a percentage of poverty not differing greatly from that existing in the metropolis. Mr. Booth, it may be added, bears witness to the thoroughness of the present inquiry. Mr. Rowntree's methods, he says, are more complete than those he found available for the large area of London. In his celebrated investigation of the life of the London poor, he computed the number visibly living in poverty, and separated the cases in which poverty amounted to destitution; but he did not enter into the questions of economical and wasteful expenditure. This Mr. Rowntree has done; and he has also enumerated separately those whose income is such that they cannot by any means afford the expenditure which his inquiries point to as an absolutely necessary minimum.

Shutting our eyes to the painful nature of the subject and the startling character of the results of the inquiry, we can derive a certain pleasure from the genuinely scientific methods employed. The research has almost the beauty of a mathematical demonstration, and may justly be held up as a model before all who propose to ascertain the actual condition of any large body of men. In certain respects we conceive that the inductions are open to criticism; some important assumptions are made on evidence that requires scrutiny. Before taking up these questions, however, it is desirable to state precisely what Mr. Rowntree has done.

In the first place, the facts concerning the numbers, the occupation, and the housing of the working people were ascertained by direct inquiry covering practically every family of this class in York. To a certain extent, earnings also were ascertained by direct inquiry, but in most cases accurate information was otherwise attainable. By various methods the minimum weekly expenditure on which merely physical efficiency can be maintained in York was determined. The number of persons whose earnings are so low that they cannot meet the expenditure necessary for this standard of living was thus calculated to be 7,230, or very nearly 10 per cent. of the total population. One person in every ten, therefore, in the city of York, and presumptively in the other cities of the United Kingdom, is actually suffering more or less acutely from starvation.

Families whose total earnings would have sufficed to maintain mere physical efficiency had they not been wasted or otherwise employed are said to exhibit "secondary" poverty. By house-to-house visitation the number of persons in this condition was ascertained to be 13,072, or 17.93 per cent. of the total population. The number of persons in York living in poverty is therefore 27.84 per cent. of the population. Mr. Booth's inquiry indicated that the percentage in London was 30.7 per cent., and the close correspondence of the figures goes far to prove the accuracy of the methods employed. Mr. Booth's figures were for the period 1887-92, when trade was less prosperous than in 1899, the date of Mr. Rowntree's investigation. The condition of the rural population has not been so carefully studied; but it is now only 23 per cent. of the whole, and we are forced to admit the probability that from 25 to 30 per cent. of the people of the United Kingdom obtain less of the necessaries of life than are required to maintain their bodily efficiency. One person out of every four in the richest country in the world except our own is, therefore, to a greater or less degree, starved.

The *minimum* weekly expenditure on which physical efficiency can be maintained in York by an average family—father, mother, and three children—is determined to be 21s. 8d. For rent, 4s. is allowed; for clothing, light, and fuel, 4s. 11d.; and for food 12s. 9d. The wage-earning classes in York number 47,754, and the average earnings of the family amount to 32s. 9d. per week. This income is made up of the wages of the father, of the mother, of children earning not more than 7s.; of payments for board and lodging by older children, and of payments by lodgers. But families numbering altogether nearly 6,500 persons have incomes under 21s. per week. Families numbering 15,710 persons, or one-third of the working class, have incomes averaging 26s. 7d. Families numbering 24,595 persons, or 52.6 per cent. of the working class, have incomes averaging 41s. 9½d. The conclusion cannot be avoided that over 20,000 persons, or 43 per cent. of the working class in York, live, to say the least, in indigence. What is signified by the limitation of expenditure to the absolutely necessary minimum will appear from the following statement:

"Let us clearly understand what 'merely physical efficiency' means. A family living upon the scale allowed for in this estimate must never spend a penny on railway fare or omnibus. They must never go into the country unless they walk. They must never purchase a half-penny newspaper or spend a penny to buy a ticket for a popular concert. They must write no letters to absent children, for they cannot afford to pay the postage. They must never contribute anything to their church or chapel, or give any help to a neighbor which costs them money. They cannot save, nor can they join sick club or trade union, because they cannot pay the necessary subscriptions. The children must have no pocket money for dolls, marbles, or sweets. The father must smoke no tobacco, and must drink no beer. The mother must never buy any pretty clothes for herself or for her children. . . . Should a child fall ill, it must be attended by the parish doctor; should it die, it must be buried by the parish. Finally, the wage-earner must never be absent from his work a single day. If any of these conditions are broken, the extra expenditure involved is met, *and can only be met*, by limiting the diet; or, in other words, by sacrificing physical efficiency."

Of course most of these conditions are constantly broken, and must be; therefore physical efficiency suffers. The results appear in stunted growth, feeble health, deficient weight, abnormal susceptibility to disease, and an excessive death rate, especially among young children. They appear also in drunkenness, vice, and mental as well as physical debility. The children suffer most, or the mothers, according to the devotion of the latter; the father must eat, or the sustenance which depends upon his wages will be cut off. Some help comes from public, much from private charity; most, perhaps, from those who have but little beyond their own needs.

Possibly, as we have suggested, the minimum expenditure for food is put a little

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too high. Mr. Rowntree accepts, after due comparison, the results obtained by Prof. Atwater in this country. The "standard of life" is higher here than in Europe. "Considering the body as a machine," Prof. Atwater says, "the American working man has a more strongly built machine and more fuel to run it than has his European brother." Hence he is capable of and performs more muscular labor. Conversely, the foreign laborer does not require quite so much food in order to do his work. If he is smaller, and does not work so hard, he can exist on less food. A horse doing moderate work may exist, and even thrive, on hay. If he is to do more work, he must be fed with grain; and a large horse needs more food than a small one. But the possible reduction from Mr. Rowntree's standard is very small; and we cannot escape the conclusion that if the poorer class of laborers in England were better fed, they would presently increase in physical size and in physical efficiency. Their condition has greatly improved within a century, and had it not been for the deplorable mania for "empire" which has lately affected the English people, it would have continued to improve. But when a nation spends a thousand million dollars for glory, the poor cannot escape paying their share; and increased taxation for such an end means increased poverty.

The Brothers Dalziel. 1840-1890. With selected pictures by and autograph letters from Lord Leighton, etc., etc., etc. London: Methuen & Co.; New York: Dutton. 1901. Small 4to, pp. 359.

Any one whose notice and recollection of wood-engraving antedate the rise and culmination of the American school, needs no introduction to the genial George and Edward Dalziel, who here modestly celebrate themselves. Their narrative is loosely chronological, and is copiously illustrated by specimens of their woodcuts in connection with each artist as brought upon the scene. Edward, himself a designer, is occasionally thus represented, as is Thomas, who began with copperplate, and E. G. Dalziel (eldest son of Edward). Another brother, John, associated with the firm, died in 1869. From 1851, Margaret, one of four sisters (there were eight brothers, all artistically minded), also assisted with the blocks. Portraits of this generation and of the parents heighten the interest of the retrospect.

The Brothers are discursive, and diversify their story with character sketches, anecdotes, letters (often in facsimile), in a way to offset the catalogue nature of their book. They were natives of Northumberland, and the youngest was born in Newcastle-on-Tyne, the seat of the revival of wood-engraving under Thomas Bewick. Bewick had been seven years in his grave when George Dalziel came up to London to learn the art under John Gray, a pupil of Nicholson, who had been Bewick's pupil. George's brother Alexander was also taught by Nicholson. In the early forties the new firm had much to do with the eccentric Ebenezer Landells, one of the projectors and original proprietors of *Punch*, who, having begun with Bewick, had finished under Nicholson. The Brothers Dalziel were, further, on the most cordial terms with William Harvey, Bewick's favorite pupil. The Tyneside tradition, therefore, came down very straight through our authors, but it is something of a disappointment that they have forborne to review the progress of the technique of wood-engraving, or the decline and fall of the craft. In a chapter regarding their own pupils—among them, Harry Fenn, who came to America to make his reputation—we read of Hal Ludlow (p. 350):

"His work had become so popular that Mason Jackson came to us on behalf of the *Illustrated London News*, to know if we would allow Ludlow to make drawings on wood for that journal, saying, 'it was a pity that such clever drawings should all be reproduced by process,' which he regarded as an inferior manner of rendering them. What a change has come since that period! How completely has the then thought 'superior' manner had to stand aside for the inferior! [The Dalziels closed their engravers' office in 1893.] We may here state that, in the long past, we always thought some automatic process would be perfected for the proper reproduction of point work, or what was always known as 'facsimile' drawing."

William Harvey died at seventy in 1866, but, remark our authors, "even in his own time what changes took place! He said that in his early days if merely a frontispiece were wanted for a book, John Murray would invite him and John Thomson, the engraver, to dinner at Albermarle Street, that they might discuss the subject fully before beginning the work" (p. 15). As to the designers' preparation, we are informed (p. 41):

"In Kenny Meadows's days, the artist in black and white had not thought of the advantages of drawing from the living model; neither William Harvey nor Sir John Gilbert ever drew from nature, and George Thomas was one of the first, if not indeed the very first, to draw on wood direct from life. This was about the early part of the Crimean war. . . . No doubt Mulready had life models for his 'Vicar of Wakefield' drawings, and, later on, Millais never drew without the life, nor did any of the pre-Raphaelite school; but this was the gradual and natural development of a new method, and innumerable drawings by the younger artists which passed through our hands were all drawn direct on wood from the life."

These drawings were so beautiful in themselves that the Dalziels sought to preserve them by "getting fairly good photographs for the engraver's purpose on other pieces of wood. . . . Then followed, as a matter of course, the constant practice of making drawings upon paper which were photographed on wood." It was the invariable custom of the gifted and amiable Birket Foster "to make small water-color sketches for his more important black-and-white work; sometimes they were partly pencil, or pen and ink tinted." Foster, by the way, had essayed wood-cutting under Landells, but made no progress.

"Among the early drawings by John Leech that passed through our hands, were those he made for Thackeray's 'Irish Sketch-Book,' which were probably copied from Thackeray's own pencil work, for he was not above having help on his drawings, the result not always being such as he expected." Dicky Doyle

"had a facile pencil when once fairly at work, but he was singularly deficient as to the value of time. . . . On one occasion, when illustrating a story by Thackeray, the number had to be issued short of certain pictures that had been arranged for. Thackeray was a good deal annoyed, and asked Doyle if he could give any reason why he had not done the drawings. He replied, in his cool, deliberate manner: 'Eh—ei, the fact is, I had not got any pencils.'"

"Half a dozen of the *hardest*" was his requirement, as appears from an undated letter here given. It was Doyle who introduced the Dalziels to Millais, and one of the most interesting facsimiles is of a letter (p. 84) in which Millais gives minute directions for retouching a woodcut after his design, and sketches the parts in question.

When Fred Walker came out of school with an ambition to be an illustrator, he took counsel of the Dalziels, who "advised him to begin by copying, in pen and ink, pictures from the *Illustrated London News* and other illustrated periodicals, specially recommending the works of John Gilbert and Birket Foster as the best models for style and manner." One wonders what old Bewick would have said to this.

Had we picked out the plums of personal anecdote we could have made a more entertaining notice of this handsome volume, but our aim has been to show its relation to the history not of book illustration but of wood-engraving. The latter relation, we feel, might have been much more valuable. Still, no one can peruse this record of a talented family without being greatly attracted to the chroniclers as thoroughly lovable men, strongest as wood-engravers, not remarkable as designers or as poets; generous patrons of art, undertakers of great art publications, and founders of the Camden Press, still flourishing in the hands of their posterity, as this product testifies.

The Amherst Papyri. Part II. Edited by Bernard P. Grenfell and Arthur S. Hunt. H. Frowde. 1901.

This work, published by the Oxford University Press, contains certain classical fragments, and many documents of the Ptolemaic, Roman, and Byzantine periods, besides some theological fragments, chiefly from the 'Shepherd' of Hermas, which have been identified since the issue of Part I. Such a collection is always a lottery, and this particular lottery offers nothing so striking as the "Words of Jesus," the poem of Sappho, the list of Olympian Victors, and the long petition of Dionysia, which made the Oxyrhynchus papyri so rich in agreeable surprises and in legal information. On the other hand, the present volume must be consulted by every student of the original sources for the social and legal conditions in Ptolemaic and later Egypt. The student of palæography will also find in it an almost unique series of specimens, ranging from the third century B. C. to the seventh century A. D. Many of these can be dated with absolute precision and others with close approximation. They supplement, therefore, and modify in some interesting particulars the history of this science and the statements in Mr. Kenyon's treatise on the subject.

The fragments belonging to the classical period include fifteen broken lines of an unknown tragedy, pieced out in part by Blass, and possibly, as he surmises, from the "Νηρηίδες" of Aeschylus, and a slight trace of the "Sciron" of Euripides. A brief commentary by Aristarchus on the first book of Herodotus rescues for us a short quotation from the "Ποιμένες" of Sophocles, and confirms the special meaning of the word ἄμιππος. Another papyrus of the early fourth century A.D., containing three fables of Babrius, is very curious as pre-

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senting a bad Latin translation, dictated, apparently, to a scribe who knew less Latin than the translator. In it occur the unheard-of and problematic Latin forms *frestigiatur*, *babbandam*, and *sorsus* as a translation of πλήρης. The Greek text, though inferior to the Athous manuscript of the British Museum, yet has its value in showing that the form of the eleventh fable and a suspected reading (βαλόντος) go back to the fourth century, and that an alphabetical arrangement of the fables dates back to the same period.

The miscellaneous documents supplement our information about the administration of Egypt, and also with regard to many technical and legal details. Though they furnish many coincidences of months in the Egyptian and Macedonian calendars, yet they do not afford sufficient data to settle the perplexing question of the Macedonian calendar and its relations to the Egyptian. They do, however, determine the date of certain Egyptian prætors, and incidentally extinguish one imaginary official (Dioscurus, A. D. 105). They show that the Government monopoly in oil, as practised by the Ptolemies, was much relaxed under the Roman period, though certain other administrative methods persisted even into the Byzantine period. They give frequent hints of conflicts between the Egyptians and the Greek settlers under the later Ptolemies; the Egyptians complain that they are overreached by the Greeks in the apportionment of certain lands, while the revolting Egyptians (B. C. 165) burn and destroy title-deeds, a proceeding aimed against the Greeks. Still, under the Ptolemies, the prevailing impression we receive is of a reign of law and of the tax-gatherer. It was the excess of these civilizing agencies rather than their deficiency, that the inhabitants might complain of.

This is well shown by a detailed instance of the administrative processes, preserved with unusual completeness in Papyrus 31. The document dates from B. C. 112, in the reign of Soter II. Senpoëris, daughter of Onnophris, surreptitiously enclosed a piece of desert land (about 55 square metres) with a view to planting date-palms. An overseer of the revenue, while collecting taxes in the neighborhood, gets wind of this encroachment, visits the spot, probably applies torture (πειθανάγκη), and extracts a fine together with twice the ordinary taxes. This fine is paid over to a banker, and the transaction requires the signature of the overseer of the revenue and of the royal scribe, fortified by the certificates of two minor officials that the land measurements are correct. Senpoëris survives to pay two years later a Government tax of 10 per cent. on the purchase price of a house and land. The collection of revenue was naturally carried out with great rigor. Granaries were sealed by Government agents, and were not released (ἄφεσις) till they were assessed and the taxes paid—a procedure similar to that of the Turkish Government in the sixteenth century. Moreover, parties suspected of defrauding the revenue were expressly deprived of the assistance of advocates. Advocates who dared render assistance in such cases were themselves subjected to heavy penalties and disabilities by a decree of Philadelphus, cited in an interesting petition of certain landholders (No. 33), wherein they accuse a Komarch not only of peculation, but of the further misdemeanor of bringing advocates to plead for him in the royal court.

A notable feature of the present collection of documents—quite familiar, however, in Egyptian jurisprudence—is that in all business and legal transactions the women are rather more in evidence than the men. They make loans and purchases, inherit property, and execute contracts of every description with remarkable freedom and apparent equality before the law. The custom of intermarriage between brother and sister is strikingly illustrated in several of these fragments. A census return by a certain priest, Panephremmis, reports himself as forty years old and married to his full sister, aged seventeen. A petition by a certain Demetria in behalf of her son, claiming exemption from poll-tax for him on the ground that he is descended on both sides from a gymnasiarch, gives the family tree for five generations, which offers three successive instances, on the mother's side, of marriage between own brothers and sisters. The names, too, in this genealogy are all Greek, with a single exception. A family correspondence of the second century A. D., between Sarapion and his son, and a sister who was probably his wife, is occupied with questions of crops and laborers and clothing and money; the son, however, shows genuine anxiety about his father's health. But expressions of affection come high when papyrus costs three obols a sheet, and when, in a memorandum of expenses, we find the single item of papyrus set down for 80 drachmæ, against 100 drachmæ for travelling expenses. The Greek of these excerpts, corrupt and misspelled as they often are—in fact, by reason of their misspelling and corruption—constitutes in itself an interesting study, ranging as it does far into the Byzantine period. The fragments from the 'Shepherd' of Hermas, belonging to the sixth century A. D., add a little to the portions already discovered by Tischendorf and Professor Lambros; but the few lines of the lost ending are especially valuable because they coincide pretty closely with the Latin version, and furnish a clear proof of the forgery of Simonides.

It is superfluous to praise the work of the editors. Nothing has been omitted in the indexes and annotations to make the contents of the sumptuous book accessible and available.

Commonwealth or Empire. By Goldwin Smith. Macmillan Co. 1902.

No one can deny that Goldwin Smith is a true friend of this country; and his wounds are faithful. Up to the close of the last century, he tells us, the United States, if not the United States alone, represented the ideals of freedom. They were imperfectly realized, like all ideals, but they were recognized and respected. "The American Republic was the home of democracy and the hope of labor. It promised to do something more than the Old World towards correcting the injustice of nature, equalizing the human lot, and making the community a community indeed." Hence it was an object of alarm to the enemies of popular government, who hailed the secession of the Southern States with shouts of exultation. They hoped to see the end of a government founded on the principles set forth in the Declaration of Independence.

Shall their hopes now be realized? Against the commonwealth are now arrayed Plutocracy, Militarism, and Imperialism, three forces which instinctively conspire. The plutocrat is by constitution an Imperialist, and by necessity a believer in a standing army. We need not dwell on the present great power of aggregated wealth, for it is illustrated every day. Nor need we argue that its spirit is anti-democratic.

"Its ostentatious prodigality and luxury are a defiance of democratic sentiment and subversive of democratic manners. At heart it sighs for a court and aristocracy. It worships anything royal or aristocratic. It barters the hands of its daughters and its millions for European titles. It imitates, and even outvies, in some things, the gilding of European nobility. Its social centre is gradually shifting from America, where its inclinations are still in some measure controlled, to England, where it can get more homage and subserviency for its wealth, and take hold of the mantle of high society. . . . The political colors of American plutocracy were plainly shown on the occasion of the South African war. The drawing-rooms of New York at once declared themselves on the side of the drawing-rooms of London."

The relation of Militarism to humanity and to political liberty has been the same ever since the military power enslaved Rome. England owes her freedom to her immunity from standing armies. In this country we have had no standing army, for the armies of the civil war were citizen armies, and dissolved when peace came. Yet the army of the North gave birth to a great military interest, and its prodigious exactions in the shape of pensions show that our rulers do not dare to refuse its demands. Few of them dare even to criticise the conduct of the army in the Philippines; many of them go so far, in their anxiety to propitiate the military element, as to declare that our soldiers are justified in torturing the wretched people whom they are attacking, and that those who protest against cruelty are unpatriotic.

That this is a normal development of Imperialism is shown by the British rule in India. The Sepoys committed atrocities on the English at Cawnpore, and the English retorted with similar cruelties. The commandant at Cawnpore proposed impaling and burning alive as punishments. Lord Elgin said:

"It is a terrible business, however, this living among inferior races. I have seldom, from man or woman, since I came to the East, heard a sentence which was reconcilable with the hypothesis that Christianity had ever come into the world. Detestation, contempt, ferocity, vengeance, whether Chinamen or Indians be the object. . . . When the passions of fear and hatred are engrafted on this indifference, the result is frightful—an absolute callousness as to the sufferings of the objects of those passions, which must be witnessed to be understood and believed."

We need only read the current newspapers and the debates in Congress to recognize the spirit which Lord Elgin describes, and it is encouraged by the attitude of many of the clergy. We hear them dwell on the advantage of warfare, and an eminent English ecclesiastic even quotes approvingly the lines—

> "That God's most perfect instrument
> In working out a pure intent
> Is man arrayed for mutual slaughter:
> Yea, Carnage is His daughter."

Although this is a book of but eighty pages, it contains a whole arsenal of arguments against the abandonment of the prin-

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ciples on which our Government was founded. Perhaps the argument as a whole is too condensed; it would be more effective with ordinary readers were it a good deal expanded. Professor Smith has history at his fingers' ends, so to speak, and he could fill in the framework here erected so as to make it a splendid and impressive treatise. As it is, his book should be read by all thoughtful citizens, as containing the views of a bystander who is not only friendly, but also competent beyond most other men to understand our situation.

The Story of Manhattan.—When Old New York Was Young. By Charles Hemstreet. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1902.

The clear, bold typography of these little volumes, and the clever illustrations enlivening them, correspond well with the simple style clothing the historic statements they contain, and the accuracy of their careful researches into the details of half-forgotten localities. The first book traces lightly the thread of the political history of Manhattan, touching upon the names of those English Governors who were the pensioned minions of royalty, and, so far as the age permitted, as wicked as any Roman proconsuls, and giving due praise to such Governors as the Dutch Stuyvesant and English Burnet, who labored honestly for the welfare of the province. Certain picturesque passages in the social life of earliest New York are dwelt upon, as the Leisler episode, the negro plot, and Kidd's piracy, without any discussion of the doubts that even at this day obscure their details. The reader is left to decide, aided by John Fiske's impartial comments, whether Kidd's crimes sought official accomplices, or Leisler suffered judicial murder.

The other volume concerns itself more with topography than with personalities, showing how the crooked byways and cow-paths of Old Amsterdam lengthened and widened and straightened themselves into the stately avenues now none too ample for the commerce and luxurious abodes of the island we live in. A neat diagram prefixed to each chapter conducts the reader through these changes.

Both these books do much to clear up a vagueness which for most people hangs over the steps in New York's growth, and both might deserve, from their solid information and clear precision, to serve as a basis for manuals for the use of schools in the subjects of which they treat.

The Brook Book: A First Acquaintance with the Brook and its Inhabitants through the Changing Year. By Mary Rogers Miller. Doubleday, Page & Co.

This is a series of pastoral idylls, which lack but a very little of being entirely charming. The author, who is "lecturer on nature study at Cornell University," is a true lover of woods and streams, and a trained and excellent observer of the different forms of life they nourish and maintain. No one at all apt in deciphering the half-hidden sights through which Nature reveals her secrets, or even such as may want to learn how to recognize them when seen, can fail to be impressed with the knowledge the author has of her subject, and her generally delightful and accurate way of imparting it. The varied aspects of the Brook, during the different months of the year, and of the woods and meadows in western New York through which it flows, furnish the frames which Miss Miller fills with vivid details of animal and vegetable life, full of interest even to those who knew most of them before, and of information about common things useful to every reader. The titles of the chapters give such imperfect hints of their contents that it will serve no purpose to mention more than one or two of them. Those on Dragon-flies and May-flies, relating the history of the various transformations and habits of these common insects, are so well done, and have so much other matter of interest which fits in naturally with the story, that they retain the attention of the reader through every line. There are other chapters which, in the style and power of appreciative description of natural life and scenery, recall strongly the tone of Dr. van Dyke in many of the best parts of his 'Little Rivers.'

One must not, however, in spite of the general and great excellences of the book, be blind to certain faults which mar parts of it. One of these is a tendency to "gush" that occasionally breaks forth: *e. g.*, on page 5, a really fine description of some strawberry plants in bloom concludes thus, "Their beauty fairly hurt." There are some rather tedious details of æsthetic impressions and purely personal experiences connected largely with dress, and many of the chapters contain matter they would be better without; these slight imperfections being the more apparent from the goodness of what attends them.

The illustrations are numerous, appropriate, and altogether delightful. They consist of engravings and half-tone reproductions of photographs. The latter are conspicuous for the beautiful natural scenes they portray and for their uniform and unusual excellence.

Meditations of an Autograph Collector. By Adrian H. Joline. Harper & Brothers. 1902.

Man is naturally a collecting animal. Some lower vertebrates, as the magpie, the raven, and the Australian bower-bird, have what to the superficial observer seems much the same habit; but there is an important difference: they accumulate, he collects. They gather useless things of many kinds; he as many as possible of one kind. Nothing so insignificant, nothing so hard to get, but may become the object of ardent pursuit: a queen, according to one author, collected a museum of button-holes, and a millionaire, according to another, made a collection of echoes. Collecting, if a weakness, is on all hands admitted to be an eminently respectable weakness; and if Europe would only look upon the Sultan as a collector, whose hobby is Circassian damsels, the Eastern question would pass into a milder phase.

As to the rationality of his hobby, the collector of autographs stands high. Earle's "Antiquary," who "would give all the Bookes in his Study for sixe lines of Tully in his owne hand," was not altogether an ass. No one can be insensible to the interest that attaches to the handwriting of an illustrious man; nor lives there among English-speaking men one with soul so dead that it would not thrill at the discovery of an autograph of Shakspere.

One does not need to be a collector to find pleasure and entertainment in the book whose title is given above. In it the amiable author lays his choicest treasures before us, and chats familiarly about them and the writers, about the joys and sorrows of autograph collectors, interspersing the whole with anecdotes. The volume is illustrated with facsimiles and portraits, and has for frontispiece a full-length of Lamb, "scratched on copper from life," in which full justice is done to the exiguity of his legs, and perhaps more than justice to the prominence of his nose. On p. 250 the author says that he cannot understand the question, "Who is to be Prince George of Denmark?"—in a letter of Lockhart's, written in 1837. Of course it means, Who is to be the husband of the young Queen Victoria?—who had just succeeded to the throne.

Histoire de la Littérature Juive, d'après G. Karpelès. Par Isaac Bloch et Émile Lévy. Paris: Ernest Leroux. 1901.

The study of the literature of the Jews in its place among the other literatures of the world is fairly with us. When comparative literature arose, this particular aspect could not fail to assert itself, and so for the last fifty years there has been a vague recognition that many of the most puzzling problems of European letters and folklore might be helped far on their way by taking the Jews into account. But while phrases like "Jewish influence," "the Jews as transmitters," etc., have had in historical strife the blessedness of Mesopotamia, they have also had, for all but a very elect circle, its emptiness of meaning. Jewish literature has been treated hitherto either on a scale and in ways which made it intelligible to the Semitic specialist only, or in sketches which had no value save Mesopotamian and provocatory.

The present book strikes a more happy *via media.* It is of some extent—624 pages of text and 60 of indices; but it is also readable and self-explanatory. It has the French lightness of touch which can conceal a *Gründlichkeit* deep as that of any German. Its plan and breadth of sweep also are of the broadest. It takes within its arms all Jewish literature, regardless of language or country, form or substance, and traces the different periods of florescence from Old Testament times to the present day. The periods, indeed, are different and many. If the Jews have not produced many writers of the highest genius, they have shown in letters, as in everything else, an inexplicable power of recuperation and a persistent reassertion of their national genius. The story of it all is given here with considerable wealth of detail, and it will probably be a revelation to most. The book of Karpelès which this is *après,* has been treated very freely, abridged, recast, supplemented, and rearranged. The divisions into sections and chapters, on which in such a work so much depends, are happy and clear. The periods and intervals stand out. Regrettable is the strangely archaic tone in treating the Old Testament scriptures. A word is thrown in for the unity of the Pentateuch, the Solomonic authorship of the "Song of Songs" and "Ecclesiastes," and for the historicity

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of the Great Synagogue. Nor is the literary perception at this point always certain. The "Book of Proverbs" and "Ecclesiastes" can hardly be reckoned as poetry, even didactic poetry—if such a thing there be. In treating the later literature, the eyes of the writers are not so closely holden. Regrettable, too, is the lack of references, with clues to further information. Even the specialist will find here and there in these pages notices the source and basis of which he would gladly know. But the book in general is excellent, and the indices especially cannot be too highly praised.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

A Fool's Errand, by One of the Fools. Fords, Howard & Hulbert.
Altsheler, J. A. My Captive. D. Appleton & Co. $1.25
Balch, E. S. Antarctica. Philadelphia: Published by the Author.
Cox, Mrs. J. F. Home Thoughts (Second Series). A. S. Barnes & Co. $1.20.
Davidson, Marie A. The Two Renwicks. F. Tennyson Neely.
Foster-Melliar, A. The Book of the Rose. New ed. Macmillan. $1.75.
Headlam, Cecil. Peter Vischer. (Handbooks of the Great Craftsmen.) London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan. $2.
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